

AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE

DECEMBER 1898
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THE KEEPSAKE.

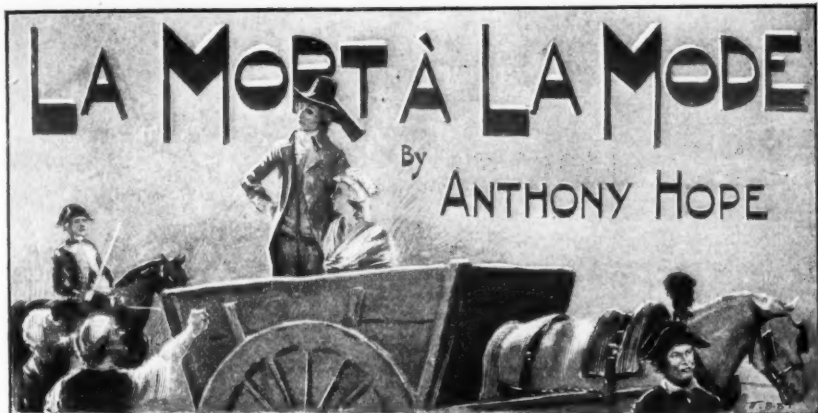
(From the painting by Letitia B. Hart.)

AINSLIE'S MAGAZINE

VOL. II

DECEMBER 1898

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A DIALOGUE

Characters { MONSIEUR LE DUC
 { MADAME LA MARQUISE

[The tumbril is the last of a row of several, some of which have left, some of which stand at the gates of the Conciergerie. The others are full, in this the Duc is alone. At the beginning of the conversation the tumbril stands still, later it is moving slowly, escorted through a turbulent crowd by National Guards to its destination in the Place Louis Quinze (Place de la Revolution.) The time is noon of a fine day during the Reign of Terror.]

DUC—Alone! My luck holds to the here! (He takes snuff and murmurs.)
last. They're close as fish in a tub Awkward! (Pauses, murmurs again.)
in the others; and by strange Even her! Curse the hounds!
chance every man next to his worst Marquise—I—I heard you had escaped.
enemy—or at least his best friend's husband. Duc—Ah, madame, I can no longer
These rascals have no consideration. expect justice from you—only mercy.
Ah, somebody coming here! I'm And—excuse me—M. le Marquis?
to have company after all. A woman, Marquise—He—he has gone.
too; deuce take it! (A lady is assisted Duc—Ah, yes, yes. He went before
into the tumbril. The Duc rises, bows us? I remember now. Er—my condolences,
and starts.) Marquise! (The lady sinks Marquise. But on what pretext are
on the bench across the tumbril.) You you—



Duc—"On my honor you're no need of it this morning. Your cheeks display the most charming flush."

Marquise—They say that, as his wife, I shared his designs and was in his confidence.

Duc—How little they know of the world! (Smiling.) As his wife—in his confidence! How simple the blackguards are! (Looks at her.) I protest I feel my presence inopportune.

Marquise—No. (She holds out a little silver box.) Will you hold this for me? (He takes it.) You may look. (Opening it he finds rouge and a powder-puff. The Marquise smiles faintly.)

Duc—(Shutting box.) On my honor you've no need of it this morning. Your cheeks display the most charming flush. Ah, we move! (She starts.) Yes, yes, it jolts horribly. But I won't drop the rouge.

Marquise—Will it take long?

Duc—It? (Shrugs his shoulders.) Oh, before you know, before you know.

Marquise—No, no, I mean the journey.

Duc—Ah, the journey! It will seem short now; before you came, I feared the tedium. Though the crowd's amusing enough. Look at that fellow! Why in Heaven's name does he shake his fist at me? He's not one of my people, not even from my province. (Smiles at the crowd and seats himself by the Marquise.) You're silent. Ah, I remember, now I remember. When we parted last you vowed you'd never speak to me again.

Marquise—I thought I never should.

Duc—The things we think we never shall do include all the most delightful things we do.

Marquise—You seem to flatter yourself, monsieur. I meant what I said then; but times are changed.

Duc—Faith, yes. The times more than I.



MARQUISE—"Is it true? You ought to tell the truth now."

Marquise—More than you! Ah, change! More than you! Ah, change!

Duc—And their changes bring more grief than any of mine could.

Marquise—Oh, as for grief! It was your rudeness I deplored, more than my loss.

Duc—I am never rude, madame. I may have been—

Marquise—(Low.) Unfaithful?

Duc—(Low.) Unworthy, madame. (She looks at him for a moment and sighs. He smiles and is about to speak when a great shout is heard from the direction of the Place Louis Quinze. She starts, turns a little pale, and involuntarily stretches out a hand to him.)

Marquise—What's that? What's happening?

Duc—Oh, they're excited. In truth, my dear Marquise, I have long wished—

Marquise—No, no, what was the shouting?

Duc—Well—er—in fact I imagine that the first of our friends must have arrived.

Marquise—(Low.) Arrived! (He smiles, takes her hand and kisses it, then holds out the rouge-pot with an air of mockery.) No, no, I won't.

Duc—Why, no! We've no need of it. Let me try to bring the color to your cheeks. Once on a time I—well, at least I have been there when it came. Ah, it comes now! Listen to me. I have long wished to—

Marquise—To explain?

Duc—(Smiling.) Ah, you were always a little—a little—exact. No, no. Nobody can explain these things. I wished only to—

Marquise—You daren't apologise?

Duc—Ah, and you never were quite just to my good breeding. No, again I

wished to tell you frankly that I made a very great mistake. (A voice from the crowd shouts, "To hell with them!") The Duc laughs.) The Church's prerogatives follow the King's! Ah, well, a terrible mistake, Marquise.

Marquise—(Low but eagerly.) You suspected me of— Was that why you—

Duc—No, I suspected her.

Marquise—Her? But of what?

Duc—Of wit, madame, and of charm. I was most unjust.

Marquise—(Smiling.) And not perhaps of one other thing—in which respect you were unjust, too?

Duc—(Looking at her a moment and then smiling.) No, no, on my honor I was not refused.

Marquise—Oh, not refused! (She turns away.)

Duc—Shall I tell you the reason of that?

Marquise—Can't I—I at least—guess the reason?

Duc—You least of all can guess it. I did not ask, Marquise.

Marquise—(Turning quickly to him.) You didn't—

Duc—On my word, no. You'll ask me why not?

Marquise—Why not indeed? It was unlike you, monsieur.

Duc—I thought of you—and behold, it became impossible. At the moment your image—(Another great shout is heard.) Hum, they never get tired of the sight, it seems. (He glances at the Marquise but she has not noticed the shout. He takes her hand and presses it gently.)

Marquise—Is it true? You ought to tell the truth now.

Duc—Now? (Laughs.) Ah, yes.

Marquise—Really true? (She draws her hand away sharply.)

Duc—You don't believe me?

Marquise—Yes, I believe you. But—but how stupid you were, monsieur.

Duc—Eh?

Marquise—How stupid you were, monsieur.

Duc—True! (Takes snuff.) True, by Heaven! I was—monstrous stupid.

Marquise—To think that you could—

Duc—Love her?

Marquise—Forget me, monsieur. Alas, I lose all my pride in—(Pauses.)

Duc—In—(Pauses. They smile and she blushes.)

Marquise—In any compliments you may have paid me.

Duc—(Softly.) Cruel! Well, it's the fashion now. You won't forgive me? I must die twice to-day?

Marquise—Twice—die twice! (Looks at him and trembles a little.) I—I had almost forgotten what—where we were. (A fierce shout is heard sounding nearer now.) Louis, they'll—they'll do nothing worse than—kill me? You don't answer, Louis?

Duc—Yes, yes. There's no fear—no fear of that.

Marquise—But you hesitated.

Duc—(Low.) If we must talk of death, pray let it be mine. (She glances at him and lays her hand on his for a moment.) Yours seems too—too—(Smiles.) I want a word. Well, too incongruous, dear Marquise.

Marquise—I have confessed—and forgiven all my enemies.

Duc—Am I your enemy? Have you no forgiveness left for your friends? (She looks at him gravely for a moment, then smiles reluctantly.) Why, we were growing grave! That would be a bad ending.

Marquise—The most seemly ending!

Duc—For me? Oh, oh, Marquise! They'd think they'd got hold of the wrong man. Your hand's a trifle cold.

Marquise—(Laughing nervously.) Well, if it is? We've stopped again. Are we near now?

Duc—At the entrance of the Place, I believe. (Looks at her and goes on quickly.) You and I have walked here together before now. You remember? Alone together—so often. (Rises.) Forgive me. As you face towards the Place, the sun is in your eyes. Pray sit the other way. It's pleasanter to look towards the river—cooler to the eye. You remember our walks, dear Marquise?

Marquise—You still look towards the Place, though.

Duc—(Laughing.) Why, yes, I can't have the dogs saying I daren't.

Marquise—Are they to say it of me, then, monsieur? (She rises and stands by him, looking towards the Place where the scaffold is now visible.)

Duc—(Removing his hat and bowing humbly.) I beg your pardon.

Marquise—(Very low.) Dear Louis, dear Louis.



Duc—"On my soul I couldn't. (Softly.) The way is dark, let me show it you."

Duc—I thought life done. I was wrong a thousand times.

Marquise—I cried when you—

Duc—Ah, if I beg them to torture me? Would that atone?

Marquise—They found me crying. Think of the humiliation!

Duc—Oh, I must have a talk with a priest—after all I must! (She turns away with a sob and then a gasping laugh.) Aye, that's life, dearest Marquise, and perhaps it's the other thing, too.

Marquise—I care less now, Louis.

Duc—Give me your hand a minute. Yes, it's warmer now. And the rouge—why, madame, I swear the rouge is utterly superfluous. Shall we throw it to the mob? It's their favorite color. I'll leave it in the cart—when they turn on one another, some hero may be glad of it. Margot, dear Margot, are you cold? I

thought you shivered as your arm touched mine.

Marquise—(Low.) No. I'm—I'm just a little afraid, Louis.

Duc—Oh, no, no, no, Margot, no. You're cold. Or—(Smiling.)—Come, flatter me. Say it's agitation—say it's joy. Come, Margot, say that.

Marquise—(Drawing nearer.) They didn't know what they were doing when they sent me with you.

Duc—The ignorance of the fellows is extraordinary.

Marquise—Because—everybody knew.

Duc—Alas, I was never too discreet! (More shouts are heard. The Guard in charge of the tumbril cries "Ready? We're the last.") Hum! For to-day I suppose he means. (He looks at her; her lips are moving. He takes off his hat and stands bareheaded. The movement of her lips ceases and she turns to him. He

smiles.) I think you have little need of prayer.

Marquise—You say that? You?

Duc—Yes, I say that, Margot. (They are at the foot of the scaffold now.) As for the men—well, I have always followed the fashion—and prayers are not the fashion now. I was bitten by M. de Voltaire. By the way, perhaps he's had something to do with this. And we made him the fashion! How whimsical! (The National Guard turns and points his finger towards the scaffold.) What? Oh, at your service, monsieur. (He turns to the Marquise smiling.) I must leave you—this time in love.

Marquise—(Stretching out her hands.) Let me go first.

Duc—On my soul I couldn't. (Softly.) The way is dark, let me show it you.

Marquise—Louis, Louis.

Duc—And now—look now towards the river. Pray—towards the river. I want you to remember me at my best. And, Margot—you mustn't—you mustn't want the rouge. Your hand's warm, still warm.

Marquise—(Vehemently.) I will go first. I—I can't see you—I will go first.

Duc—Your will is my law always.

(She turns to descend.) It has been pleasant to come with you.

Marquise—It was—easier—to come with you.

Duc—I am forgiven, Margot?

Marquise—Louis, dear Louis. (He raises her hand to his lips. She goes. He stands bare-headed, facing the scaffold, while she suffers. Then he puts his hat on and mounts the scaffold. They carry past him the basket containing her head. A priest holds a crucifix before him. He starts and bows to the priest, removing his hat and flinging it away.)

Duc—I beg your pardon, father, but—I knew the lady very well. She died bravely, eh? Pardon? Think how we have lived as well as how we die? Yes, yes, most just—and—er—apposite. Die truly penitent? Ah, yes, yes. Forgive me. I'm not master of my time. (He bows and turns to the executioner and his assistants.) Don't keep me waiting. My desire is to follow Madame la Marquise. What? "The woman died well!" God save us—the woman? Well, as you please. Shall we say—(He places himself beneath the knife.) Shall we say Margot? Nobody was ever like Margot. (Smiles. Then looks up.) Well? Oh, you wait for me. Good! Messieurs allez!





THE MAIDEN QUEEN OF THE NETHERLANDS

THE CORONATION OF QUEEN WILHELMINA

BY

HORACE CLIFFORD MARKLEY

Special Correspondent for AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE

Amsterdam, September 7, 1898.

YOUNGEST and fairest of the sovereigns of the earth, Queen Wilhelmina, now reigns over the smallest, though, for its size, wealthiest and sturdiest kingdom of Europe.

The event of the coronation has been one of very appropriate simplicity, and never, surely, did queen mount her throne under more favorable auspices.

The week has been a joyous and memorable one in Amsterdam. They who are but children now will, in years to come, recount to their children the story of the coronation of Queen Wilhelmina.

Amsterdam, when normal, is, I believe, a quiet and sleepy old place; but Amsterdam *en fête*—ah! that is quite another

thing. It was Thackeray who said of this city, "Amsterdam is as good as Venice, with a superadded humor and grotesqueness, which gives the sightseers the most singular zest and pleasure. . . . This rush and crowd and prodigious vitality; this immense swarm of life; these busy waters; crowding barges, swinging drawbridges, piled ancient gables, spacious markets, teeming with people, that ever-wonderful Jewish quarter."

It is a very different city now to what it may have been when Thackeray visited it.

Amsterdam, as a city, is a great disappointment to me. I had been led to expect so much from reading and hearsay. You see what Thackeray has said. When I reached Holland first, by way of the

Great Eastern line to Harwich and the Hook of Holland, I was most favorably impressed. As we flew over the flat lands that had been reclaimed from the sea, past beautifully green pastures, where innumerable cattle grazed contentedly, quaint old windmills, snug little cottages, with a clump of trees or bushes planted about them, past well-tilled acres, the imagination was fully alive to the beauty of the scene.

But the arrival in Amsterdam gave me quite a rude shock, and I know now that of all cities in Holland it is the very worst, with its dirty streets, filthy canals, indecent customs in public and its brutish inhabitants, who have no regard for life and who would crush a pedestrian to the ground, even be it woman or child.

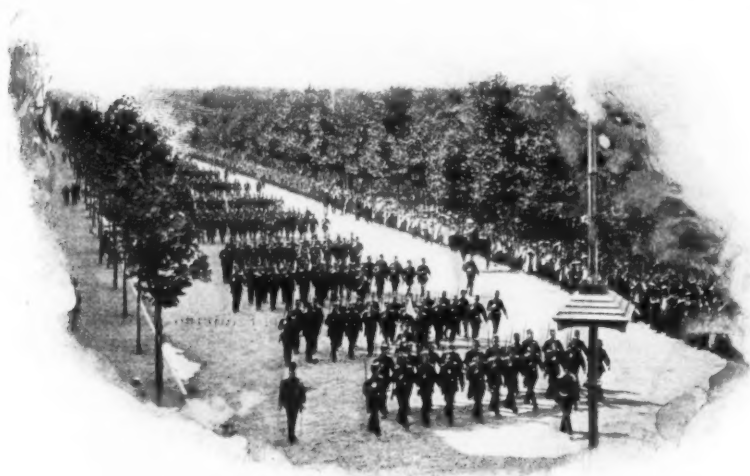
On Monday last the celebration began in earnest by the joyous arrival of her Majesty Wilhelmina into Amsterdam. She came direct from her palace at the Hague to this city, and her arrival was made punctually at the time set, 2.15 P. M. But hours before that the streets were thronged with people, and as early as ten o'clock in the morning the streets along which the procession was to pass were lined with militia, and there was no crossing the lines. Then began the tiresome wait of almost five hours. Natives and visitors, however, were in the best of spirits throughout, and when at the appointed time the first boom of the salute

of one hundred and one guns was heard, a murmur of satisfaction ran through the length of the miles of human beings ranged along both sides of the streets.

They have a saying here that there are three hundred days' rain, and sixty-five bad weather. If this be true, then indeed the fates were kind. For while there had been threatening and cloudy weather the previous week, during the preparation there has been no storm or rain to mar the decorations, and now the festivities are at an end, the people have reason to congratulate themselves on such splendid weather.

On the Monday set for the Queen's arrival the day dawned most unpropitiously. Heavy leaden clouds came up over night, and hung above the city. When morning came no sun could pierce the veil. Many a heart beat heavily in fear and trembling. As the day wore on the clouds bent low in a fine gray mizzle, and kissed the earth. Then slowly the mist seemed to rise, become tinged with faintest yellow, which increased imperceptibly till at the moment of the Queen's arrival in the station it burst forth with a strong soft glow, and a million hearts beat with a surging happiness. It was as though the heavens had made obeisance to the beautiful young Queen.

Then for a moment, while the royal procession made its way through the de-



THE AMSTERDAM MILITIA ON THE WAY TO ESCORT THE QUEEN



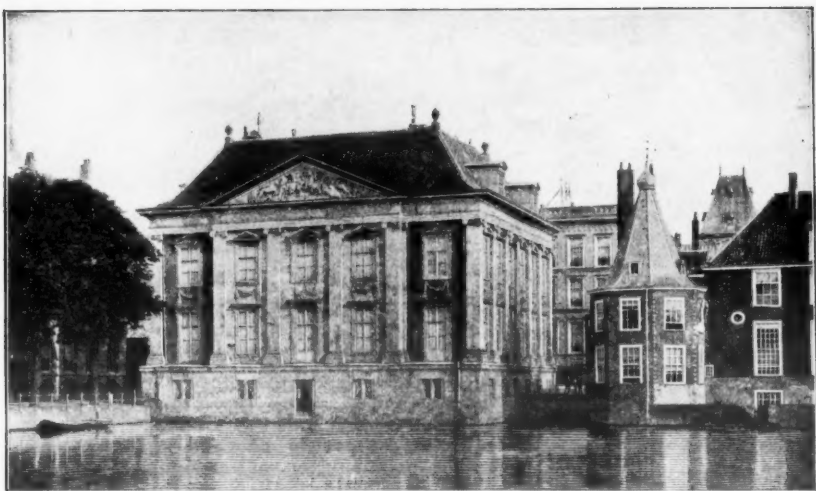
THE COURTYARD OF THE PALACE

file preserved by the military, the sun pierced a rent in the fast-rolling mists, and shed its bright effulgent ray on Queen and courtier, on beggar and craftsman, on matron and maid, on the sweet babe held up to see what it could not understand; on the gray-headed man, who stood with head uncovered and a tear dimming his fading eyes, as he looked with a glow of pride at youth and beauty that was a Queen, and thought, perhaps without regret, that the dark veil of eternity was closing about him—for a brief space the golden sun gilded the lives of each.

And the royal carriage sweeps on, and the crowd from every vantage point, from pavement to rooftop, cheer and wave handkerchiefs and caps, and the beautiful young girl born to such an enviable destiny smiles and bends that graceful, supple neck and waves her handkerchief in acknowledgment of the ovation. The Queen's carriage, a gift from her mother, was laden with bouquets, tied with

orange ribbon, and was drawn by eight jet-black steeds. The youthful sovereign was dressed in white satin with a small hat of lace and feathers. The procession was not more than twelve minutes in passing any given point, and in that brief space of time the people feasted their eyes upon the sight they had waited hours for, and people who had paid twenty-five, fifty, a hundred guildens for a seat to view it, arose and departed.

There was no attempt at display in the royal pageant. It was but what might be called a proper escort to the fair young Queen, and not an awe-inspiring parade. All this was eminently proper in a small kingdom like Holland. The parade was led by mounted police, followed by the Third Hussars, succeeded in turn by Horse and Garrison Artillery, Colonial Reserve, Marines, Grenadier-Jagers, and Blue-jackets. It might be said that it was a triumphant progress. A particularly pleasing feature of it all was the



THE MUSEUM AT THE HAGUE

perfect order maintained. There was not a mishap that attained to the importance of an accident. I observed the people very closely, and was not a little surprised at the good will that prevailed.

Upon arrival at the palace, the Queen emerged upon the balcony facing the Dam and again bowed her acknowledg-

ments to the applause of her people. The Dam is the chief public square almost in the centre of the city. It is about the size of Washington Square in New York. Facing on the Dam also are the Nieuwe Kerk, where the Queen was crowned, the Bourse, and many of the principal buildings.



A TYPICAL GROUP OF THE QUEEN'S HUMBLER SUBJECTS; THE DIMINUTIVE SPECIMEN IN THE CART BEING A CRIPPLED MENDICANT.



GIRLS FROM THE ZUYDER ZEE IN GALA ATTIRE

When the Hussars withdrew from the Dam the people closed about the Palace, and in response to the deafening cheers, the Queen again appeared, and this time also the Queen-mother. Then the multitude broke into one vast chorus, singing the national hymns, as the Queen and her mother withdrew.

From that time on, day and night the people went wild with enthusiasm.

In a word, Amsterdam is queen-mad. The most intense patriotism prevails, and it is expressed in the most outspoken manner. For years the event has been expected, and preparations have been made, and now it bursts forth with irresistible force.

The city is one vast undulating wave of color, of life, of animation, of song and laughter, of joy and merrymaking.

Amsterdam is as gay and as bright as the rainbow—it is ablaze with

bunting and streamers of deep orange, mingled with the softer blending of the three colors so dear to every American heart—the red, white and blue—only the Holland flag consists of three horizontal bars of these colors.

It is rare indeed that one sees man, woman or child who has not some vestige

of the national color, and it has taken every conceivable form—orange waistcoats, ties, caps and often complete suits for children, and it is the prevailing trimming to women's dresses.

Yet it is worthy of remark here that Amsterdam has an anti-royalist element of very considerable proportions, and while there are some neighborhoods in which the colors fly from every house in some form—indeed, it would be unsafe



DECORATIVE ARCH ERECTED BEFORE THE OLD POST OFFICE

for one not to show the national colors in these localities, Orange street and William street, for instance—yet there are many streets in which no flaunting of orange is allowed.

Whether this is responsible for the dislike to Amsterdam as a royal residence, or not, I do not know. It may be one of the operating causes. At any rate, it is a notorious fact that the sovereigns of Hol-

sterdam. And so it will doubtless be as long as the Dutch are ruled as they are. Another provision also makes it imperative that the King present himself in the city in person in order to collect his income. It was by such requirements only that William III. appeared in the city, and his daughter will doubtless follow the example of her father.

The people of Amsterdam seem to



A PICTURESQUE VIEW OF THE COUNTRYSIDE ON THE WAY TO AMSTERDAM

land do not make much use of the historic old Palace in the Dam. King William III. abominated Amsterdam, and would never visit the place except upon the occasions when he was compelled by the constitution. This compulsion is due to the provision of the ancient framers of the constitution, no doubt loyal fathers of the ancient city, who had it set down in good choice Dutch that the investiture of the sovereign should ever take place in Am-

sterdam. And so it will doubtless be as long as the Dutch are ruled as they are. Another provision also makes it imperative that the King present himself in the city in person in order to collect his income. It was by such requirements only that William III. appeared in the city, and his daughter will doubtless follow the example of her father.

The fêtes might be called a continuous performance. The streets are thronged night and day. Naturally the scene is gayest and most picturesque at night,



THE DAM IN ITS NORMAL CONDITION; ON THE NIGHT OF THE ENTRY OF THE QUEEN, IT WAS PACKED TO SUFFOCATION WITH A SHRIEKING, CAPERING, HYSTERICALLY JOYOUS MOB.

when the principal streets and canals are ablaze with lights. Myriads of lanterns have been strung across many of the canals, and these reflected in the dark waters look very pretty. At the main entrance to many of the chief streets elaborate arches have been constructed, and these when ablaze with lights, and one looks through the arch to see the long shadowy vista of the streets softly aglow with lanterns, make an enchanting scene. But beneath all this glare—ah! there is the life! The streets are filled everywhere with a crowding, jostling throng of young and old, men, women and children. They pushed along, blocking up the entire street; ordinarily there would be no room for any kind of a vehicle, but the people know that when one comes along, if they do not get out of the way they will simply be run over and there is an end of it. If you look at it from a little distance the winding, turning, surging mass of human beings look like nothing so much as a dark, strangely-marked monster writhing through the streets.

If you wish to step into the crowd and be carried along with them you will think you are in Bedlam. An indescribable confusion of sounds on every hand amazes one. Here a group of a dozen young men and girls, arms linked and singing a rollicking, boisterous song, the refrain of which is "Death to the Socialist, Long live King William," push along, and carry everything before them. Sometimes the song is caught up by others and swells to a great volume, and you are interrupted while trying to catch the air, by having a daughter of the city poke a peacock feather under your nose and tickle you, only to glide quickly out of the way and do the same to another. Then the sharp dinning, monotonous cry of every conceivable kind of fakir greets you, and most of all you hear the one who is selling peacock feathers—"pommere, 3 centa," "pommere, 3 centa."

Most streets lead to the Dam, and if you keep moving with the multitude and do not mind the confetti that is showered upon you, nor the serpentine that

fly past your face or occasionally hit you in the neck, then you will come out at last on the Dam. And here, because it is a wide open space, and brilliantly lighted, the merriment is at its height. Here there are thousands assembled, and in fours and tens and twenties they join hands in a circle and dance wildly about the square singing some national air, but almost invariably "Death to the Socialists, Long live King William." It is difficult to understand how the people can carry on so enthusiastically, and keep it up so, and one marvels at the waste of good energy. And all this you will remember takes place in front of the Palace. I often glanced at the shuttered windows of the Palace and wondered whether the young Queen was peeping unseen upon these scenes of revelry by night, and what she must have thought of it all.

To describe one day, or one night, is to describe them all. The only interruption to the merrymaking being the carrying out of the official programme.

Tuesday, the day on which Wilhelmina was crowned was by far the most important and imposing event. The Nieuwe Kerk, where the ceremony was performed, is only about thirty yards from the Palace. There were separate entrances for the Queen and the Queen-mother.

When Amsterdam awoke on Tuesday morning it was to the blare of trumpets, the chiming of church bells and the clatter of horses' hoofs.

Within the church the scene was most brilliant. I regret that I cannot give you as full an account of it as it deserves, but the space of a magazine article limits me. That which will interest you will doubtless be the form of the crowning. It is not a religious ceremony at all, but purely civic. When all who were admitted to the church were in place, the last to arrive was Wilhelmina. A herculean herald announced in stentorian tones, "The Queen." There was the sound of tremendous cheering without and a hush within the church that was in-



THE TOWER OF MOUNT ALBANS, AMSTERDAM

stantaneous and eloquent. The Queen-mother stood as the young Queen entered looking very regal, every inch a queen. She was followed by the train bearers holding the royal mantle, the Mistress of the Robes, a brightly-arrayed retinue of aides, and officers, Navy and Army, according to their rank.

Reading from manuscript, the Queen's address was impressive and well rendered, and she was heard distinctly by every one assembled. Then after resuming her seat on the throne a moment she arose and took the oath as follows:

Arms proclaimed, "Hare Majesteil Koningin Wilhelmina is in ingehuldigd!" (Her Majesty Queen Wilhelmina has been inaugurated). Then he added three times, "Long live the Queen." This was repeated by the Second King-at-Arms, and then the herald called for three cheers, which were given mightily.

This practically ended the simple ceremony. The Queen withdrew, bowing right and left, then the Queen-mother, and then the other officers in the order of their rank and finally the guests.

In the afternoon the young Queen and



THREE YOUTHFUL SUBJECTS OF WILHELMINA

"I swear to the people of the Netherlands that I will ever maintain the Constitution. I swear that I will defend and keep with all my power the independence and *grongheid* of the country; that I will protect the general and individual rights of all my subjects, and that I will take every possible means for the promotion and maintenance of the public welfare which the State places at my disposal, as a good sovereign is obliged to do. So truly help me, God Almighty."

Then a tiresome oath of fealty was taken by the many members of the States, general. After this the Senior King-at-

her mother drove about the principal decorated streets, and were received everywhere with much acclaim. And again in the evening both were driven about the city to view the illuminations, which were very beautiful.

On Wednesday there was a very elaborate historic procession, representing in admirably-arranged detail the history of the Netherlands. In the evening the Y was magnificently illuminated. On the morning of Wednesday the Queen reviewed an exhibition of gymnastics given by members of one thousand societies.

The occasion was looked upon by most



A THRIVING THOROUGHFARE IN AMSTERDAM

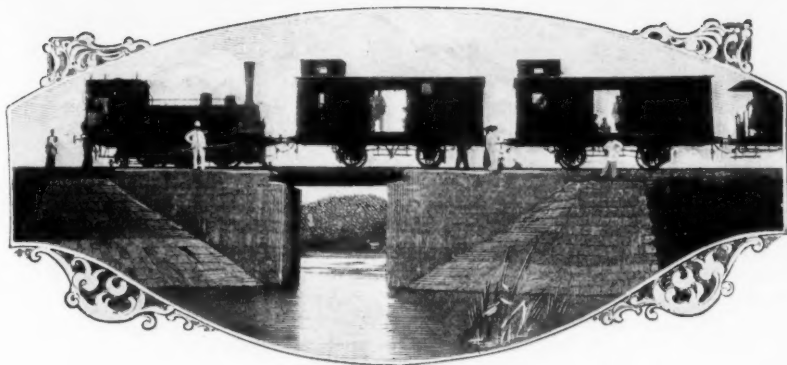
Dutchmen in business as a money-making opportunity, and fabulous sums were charged for sleeping accommodations and for choice seats to view the different processions. In many places rates were doubled on everything, and in restaurants and cafés they took great care to have no bill of fare. It was amusing in a way, even if it was a monstrous imposition, to note with what accuracy a Dutch waiter could take any order you gave him in English, but what a woful lack of understanding he possessed when it came to a settlement of the bill.

I was surprised at the few Americans who were present in Amsterdam. Aside

from the correspondents, they would not number a dozen. It is likely the American is wise in his generation.

Thus did Wilhelmina, Queen of the Netherlands, ascend the throne of her fathers, and ere the churches' chimes of jubilee and the raucous throats of the Amsterdamers, yelling, "Death to the Socialists," had faded into echoes, another and equally fair Queen, after a life of regal splendor and regal woe, gave up the ghost under the stiletto of an Anarchistic assassin. What an admirable example and proof of the underlying qualities of the human race, of which we are so proud!





THE RAILROAD BRIDGE OVER THE YANG TSE KIANG RIVER.

AN AMERICAN CONQUEST IN CHINA

BY

HON. CALVIN S. BRICE

THE American China Development Company, a corporation organized under the laws of New Jersey, has recently made a contract with the Imperial Chinese Government, which has been duly ratified by the Tsung-li-Yamen, for the purchase of Imperial Chinese Government bonds, secured among other things by the line of railway and its revenues, in amount sufficient to provide for the building of the line, and to create a line of railway from Hankow to Canton, and thence to the sea at or rather, near the British colony of Hong Kong; a distance of nine hundred miles, including branches to such important provincial capitals as lie in the immediate neighborhood, with such equipment, docks and facilities as may be required. These bonds are to be purchased by the American Company at a price fixed and satisfactory, and the application of the proceeds, the construction of the work, and the subsequent operation of the railway will be under the immediate direction and supervision of the American Company, in alliance with the Imperial Chinese Railway Administration.

A syndicate of many prominent people of wealth and influence in business matters has been formed with the primary object of distributing the shares instead of massing them. Thus each shareholder

will have the right to his proportion of the entire issue of bonds that may be required to accomplish the objects of the contract. The preliminary deposit of \$100,000 required by the terms of the contract with the Imperial Chinese Government has been made, and in addition a large sum of money has been expended in preliminary surveys, with a view to ascertaining the cost of the line. The company believes that it has already reasonable data for estimating the cost of the work, but they have now on the line a portion of their engineering force and are sending, as rapidly as it can be equipped, a first-class corps of engineers and other officials, who will complete the surveys, commencing at Hankow and extending to the City of Canton and thence to or near Hong Kong, as also commencing at the southern end and coming north, thus making an independent or cross-survey, for the purpose of securing as good a location and grades, and as favorable a construction as possible. This work, it is estimated, will consume six months—may be eight or nine; but six months, with the information and progress already made, will probably afford sufficient data on which to base the first issue of securities, and to arrange for underwriting the same; as well as determining the general plan on which they

shall be brought out, with the proper amounts, and other particulars.

The character of the syndicate may best be ascertained by a glance at the list of some of the names of those comprising it. There are included in it representatives of the Vanderbilt interest; of the Standard Oil Company, viz. —John D. Rockefeller, William Rockefeller—and the presidents of several large trust companies; as also the presidents of some of the largest banking corporations, including Levi P. Morton, George Bliss and others; the leading national banks, and those of Chase National Bank, First National Bank, City National Bank, etc. Several great corporations like the Carnegie Steel Company are also interested in the enterprise, as are sundry prominent banking firms, viz., Brown Brothers & Co., Kuhn, Loeb & Co., Vermilyea & Co., and various others.

The cost of the road is estimated at a minimum of 4,000,000 pounds and a maximum of 8,000,000 pounds sterling—that is \$20,000,000 to \$40,000,000. Our present opinion is that it will be some-

where near the maximum figure, according to the standard which may be adopted, the kind of equipment that may be put on, and the amount of extra expenditure required. The syndicate will, under the terms of the contract, control the operation of the road for a period of forty-five years, during which time it is subject to further negotiations.

The provinces through which the road passes are among the most populous in China, having a population of nearly 200,000,000. Two of the provinces through which it runs have a greater population than the United States.

The feeling against the foreigner in China which sometimes finds expression in outbreaks is not natural. The Hon. Charles Denby, for thirteen years minister of the United States to China, has said recently that the natural feeling of the native of China for a foreigner is one of mere curiosity—that the attacks on foreigners are incited by those who are jealous of the strangers, or provoked by their supposed failure to conciliate local prejudice and superstition. For in-



THE MODE OF CONVEYANCE WHICH THE AMERICAN RAILROAD IS TO SUPPLANT.

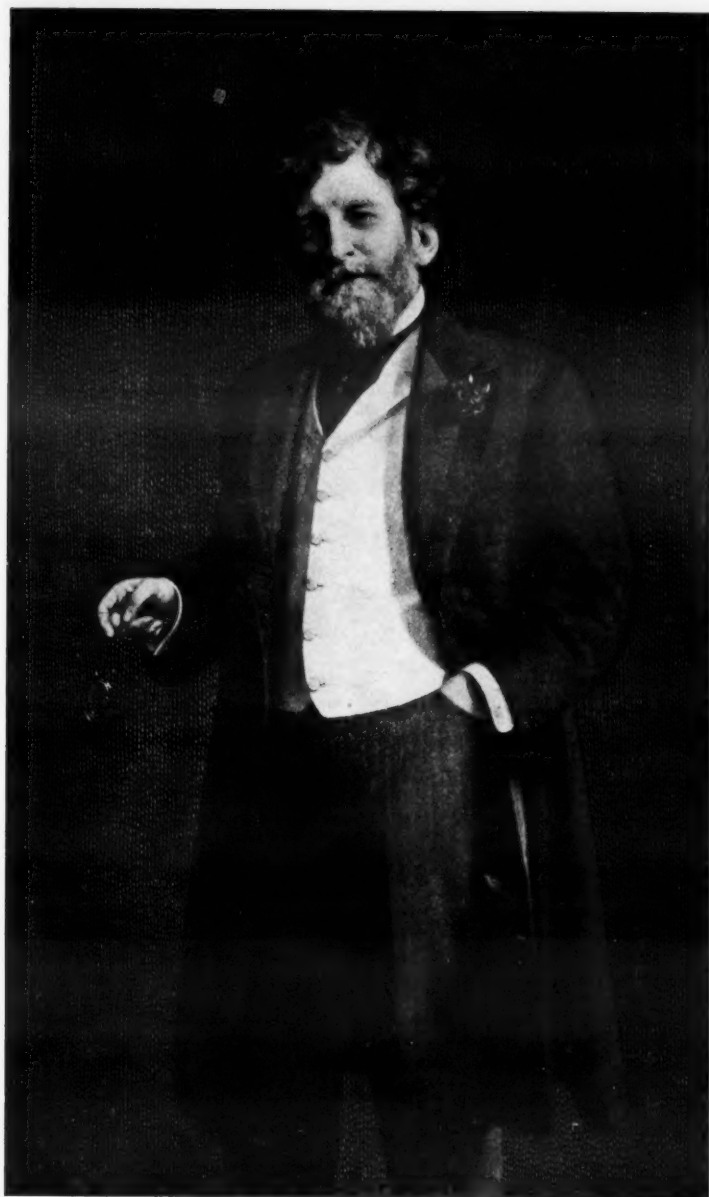


A CHINESE SPINNER; GIRLS AND CHILD AWED BY THE SIGHT OF THE CAMERA.

stance; a short railroad was built in China not many years ago which so excited the people to opposition that it was bought out by the Chinese authorities and thereupon torn up. This road, viz., the line of about twenty miles from Woosung and Shanghai, has been recently rebuilt and opened. When first constructed it encountered much native prejudice. Local superstition made the people believe that their ancestors, disturbed by the railway, were wandering about complaining. Where superstition is so general, local prejudices must be considered, and in the contract which we have made with the Chinese Government it is provided that graves are not to be disturbed; but the fact that a railway thus so rudely destroyed could, and indeed has had to be rebuilt in the same locality so soon again, is striking. It illustrates not only the rapid progress of enlightenment in conservative China, but the possibilities of railway development in the future. The

Chinese have shown some opposition to the possibility of the introduction of foreign workmen into the Empire. We have therefore agreed to employ Chinese labor wherever practicable; and for unskilled work the Chinese labor will be in any case sufficiently effective and far cheaper. At the same time, we have agreed to establish a Railway School in China, where natives will be educated in the business of managing and operating a railroad, so that in time much of the work which must of necessity be done by skilled labor from other countries can be done by Chinamen.

In doing all this we have put ourselves in position to conciliate the natives and to gain their good-will for our enterprise. The Chinese are quick to appreciate the value of improvements in the art of living. Their backwardness in our Western theory of civilization is due in part to the conservatism of the Imperial Government which has sought to build a Chinese



HON. CALVIN S. BRICE
(From the portrait by Hubert Vos)

wall around the Empire to keep out the foreigner and his works, and also to an intense conservatism, born of many centuries of education of the people in, and their contentment with, the narcotic maxims of their old Philosophers. Where the wall has been broken down the Chinaman has been found quick to adapt himself to new conditions and to realize their benefits. Thus far the railroads which have been opened in China have found the calculations of their projectors fall far below the immediate requirements of the service for both freight and passenger business. It has long been observed that the Chinese are not only ardent traders, but born travelers, who will readily adopt novel Western ideas to facilitate their trade.

The importance of this enterprise to the United States should be easily understood. In the first place, if there were no permanent commercial development on which to reckon, it is likely that the building operations of the company will bring to this country a trade worth \$30,000,000. Those who know the Chinese people say that when the advantages of American oil, sugar, coffee, cotton goods, and the hundred and one other things which we now ship across the Pacific, or through the Suez Canal, or around Cape Horn, are shown to the people of the Empire, they quickly adopt and demand them. As the work of an American railway construction progresses, the natives of the country to be thus opened will learn and cultivate a taste for these articles, and trade will follow the lines of the survey before the grading is finished or the rails are laid. I have estimated the amount of this trade at \$30,000,000, and I am satisfied that this estimate is not exaggerated.

In addition to the trade here indicated, there will be the demand for supplies for the construction of the road, a great part of which must be purchased in the United States.

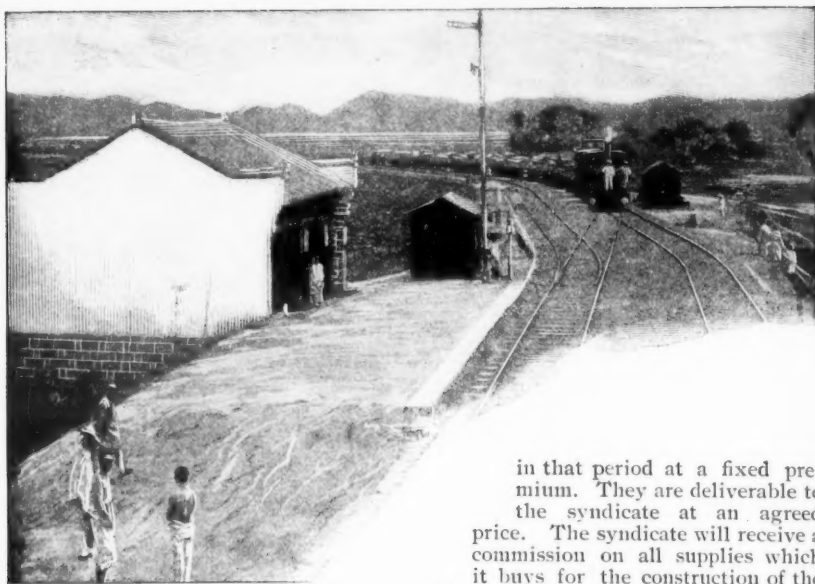
These are some of the immediate advantages of the building of the road. But we need not look far to see that the ultimate advantages will be proportionately great. If the preliminary survey and construction of the road brings us \$30,000,000 of trade in three years, how vast will be the development of trade in the same territory when the avenues of communication from the sea by way of Canton

on the south and Hankow on the north are fully opened to American merchants? Much has been said about the future of our trade in the Pacific, but as yet it has not been adequately estimated. The opening of the Chinese Empire must necessarily develop a great ship-building industry on the Pacific coast; is going to increase a hundred fold our shipping interest in the Pacific, and also open up new and almost limitless markets for American timber, foodstuffs, clothing and manufactured goods.

All that is needed of our merchants is that they shall create among the Chinese a desire for that which we have to sell. That is the secret of trade extension—to teach a people new wants. The Hankow-Canton railway will provide ample facilities for these objects and accomplishments.

The new railroad is expected to be completed within three years from the approval of the surveys by the Chinese Government. The surveys are being made by a competent corps of engineers under General William Barclay Parsons of New York, formerly chief engineer for the Rapid Transit Commission. No definite surveys of the country have been made, but for some three years past, the agents of the syndicate have considered a more northern line, from Peking to Hankow, and the surveys made by our engineers have given us a very good idea of the conditions likely to be encountered. It is quite safe to estimate the probable cost of the present proposed line and the time of construction by the aid of the reports on the northern section above referred to, which has now been undertaken by a Belgian syndicate, these estimates being subject, of course, to changes in the price of material, or the cost of labor, and to delays from native interference. As the Chinese Government guarantees the company against both native and foreign aggression, it is unlikely that interruptions of the work, if there are any, will be of long duration.

The Palace Intrigues and commotions recently occurring in Peking cannot affect the interests of this enterprise. In the first place, the Chinese of all parties are all equally well disposed toward the American people. They remember with gratitude the part our Government played in the negotiations for peace in China's war with Japan. Above all, they under-



A LOCAL STATION OF THE CHINESE-AMERICAN RAILROAD.

stand that the United States is the only one of the great nations which is not disposed to seize any part of their country, or to attempt to exercise an influence over the government of the Empire. They would rather see Americans join the English in a peaceful extension of trade between Hankow and Hong Kong than witness the further dismemberment of the Empire by the aggressions of other nations. The Chinese officials are indeed anxious to see the railroad line from Peking to the Southern provinces established, because they realize that this means of communication will enable them to send troops quickly to subdue whatever provincial outbreaks there may hereafter occur in the intervening territory. One feature of the concession is a provision that the Chinese Government shall pay half-rates on all troops and munitions in time of a rebellion or a war.

Chinese Imperial bonds with which our railway project is concerned will be issued in the amount necessary to build and equip the road. They will be 5 per cent. gold bonds, redeemable at par, in fifty years, or redeemable in instalments with-

in that period at a fixed premium. They are deliverable to the syndicate at an agreed price. The syndicate will receive a commission on all supplies which it buys for the construction of the road, as likewise on construction work.

On behalf of the Chinese Empire, the work of building and operating the road will be under the supervision of Sheng Tajen, the Commissioner of Imperial Railroads for the southern district of China. His Excellency Sheng is a man of great intelligence and force of character. He is in favor of the American concession, and will co-operate with our representatives in every way. The contract for the present railway was executed by Wu Ting-fang, the Chinese minister at Washington, to whose hands the Imperial Government confided the responsibility of making terms for a concession which, as we have seen, very greatly involves the future of his people. The concession, while more favorable in some respects than any before granted by the Chinese Government must be of incalculable value to China.

The concession was granted in April last, but the work of surveying was not immediately attempted because of the then existing Spanish-American war. As soon, however, as hostilities ceased the American company made the necessary deposit and began operations, and there is no doubt these will now continue without interruption until the road is completed.

What such an enterprise will accomplish in the interest of the "open door" for our *export* trade to China is difficult to estimate. That it will enormously increase the shipment of Chinese products to the United States goes without saying. Thus far our British friends have struggled alone to keep the vast markets of the Yangtze River basin open to the world. The existence of an American railway in the section ours will occupy will operate as a powerful buttress and protection to their efforts.

The Belgians are at present building a railway north from Hankow toward Peking, and others are trying to secure a railway franchise from Chingkiang near the mouth of the Yangtze north, via the route of the Grand Canal, to Tientsin, which is the port of Peking, and the terminus of the existing Chinese railway system, viz.: the Tientsin-Peking, and the Tientsin-Shan-hai-quan-and-Niu-chwang

lines, of which the latter section will presently afford a connection with the Trans-Manchurian extension of the great Russian Trans-Siberian Railway to Port Arthur.

Whichever of these two former lines may be constructed, a northern connection and outlet for the American line here under consideration will be afforded. Whether this be directly by rail from Hankow in the one case, or with an intermediate river service along the Yangtze, between Hankow and Ching-Kiang on the other.

In any event, the conditions are ripe for the early establishment of China's main Trunk Lines, and the time has come to substitute for the slow, cumbrous and inefficient Junk and cart, or camel traffic, which for centuries past has served this vast Empire, the quick and effective steam railway service to which more progressive Western nations are accustomed.



AND CONTINUETH NOT

BY

THEODORE DREISER

I shall not say that thou art like the rose
 So often said before.
 Or, like a leaf that for a daytime blows
 And passes and is o'er.
 Ah, though I feel it I may nowhere turn
 For word to speak the thought wherewith I burn.

All spirit art thou and impermanent,
 A bloom ephemeral.
 Love builds in shrines so frail, it seems intent
 Joy quickly to forestall.
 To outward blaze its way—it's shrine consume,
 And leave unlovely ashes for the tomb.

That thou shouldst spring and flower and fade and pass—
 To think it is pure pain.
 It may not shine in words yet, so, alas!
 It is, and wept in vain.
 I look upon thee and my heart sinks low.
 Oh, love, my love! soon thou and I must go.

THE REAL ROOSEVELT

BY

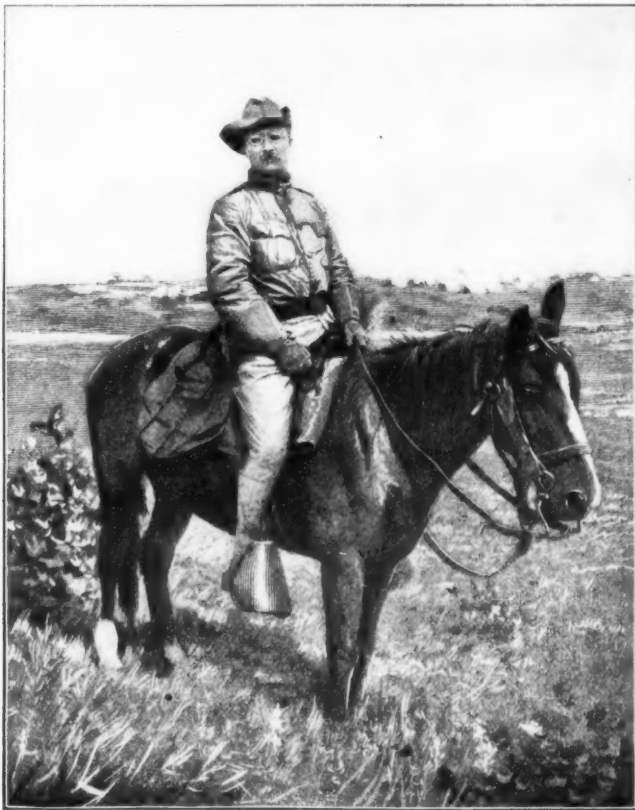
J. LINCOLN STEFFENS

YOUR impression of Theodore Roosevelt is correct. Everybody's is. There is no inside view of him.

The public man is the private man, and his friends have no advantage in acquaintance with him over strangers. On the contrary, most people who have never met him call him "Teddy." His friends never do that, not even behind his back, neither among themselves nor

in their hearts when alone. They are intimate with him; strangers only are familiar.

The Rough Riders called him by his nickname at Tampa, but at Montauk he was always "The Colonel." It is said the change occurred about the time of that charge up San Juan Hill. He went wet and cold and hot and hungry with them after that, so they all must have



COL. ROOSEVELT AT CAMP WIKOFF.

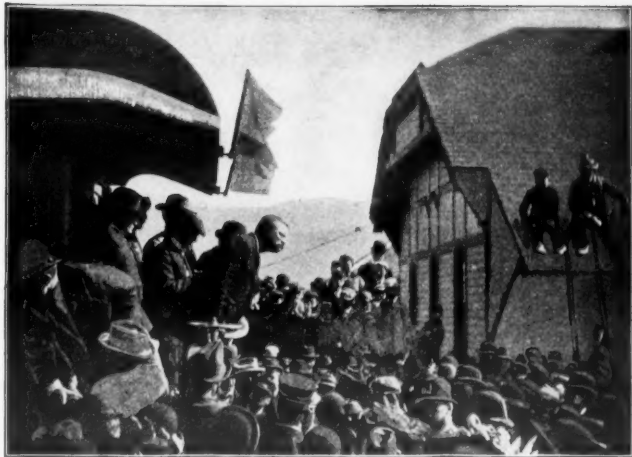
got nearer together and much better acquainted. Yet they became respectful as their affection grew.

It is all a mere matter of realization, however. His troopers did not bring back any new conception of him. He is brave, strong, fair and happy—and they knew that when they joined the regiment. But when they saw what it meant to be so, when they watched with the eye what they had seen long before with the mind, they knew better what they knew. That was all, and it had happened just so before.

When Mr. Roosevelt went West to hunt big game, his reputation for courage was out there before him, and a certain ranchman who shared that reputation said he would like to run across such a "tenderfoot;" if he did, he was "going

to fill him full of holes." This wish was carried to Mr. Roosevelt, who turned his horse and rode over toward his neighbor's house. Just what happened there no one knows, but neither of them was hurt and the ranchman thereafter was a good friend of "Mr. Roosevelt."

And the New York police force, stirred though it was when Mr. Roosevelt was appointed a police commissioner, did not reform. The man on post admitted that he was honest; that he feared no man and no political influence; that he was strong of will, had a terrible energy and would break up corruption, if anybody could. But they did not wholly believe it. They could not grasp the idea of an honest police commissioner. I was with them at the time. I had had a share in exposing the



COL. ROOSEVELT ON HIS REMARKABLE RAILROAD CAMPAIGN;
HE LAUNCHES A THUNDERBOLT ARGUMENT.



THE NOMINEE TALKS CAUTION TO HIS AUDIENCE.



AN IRREFUTABLE STATEMENT OF FACT.

rotteness of the department, had been at the police headquarters in Mulberry street every day when the Lexow Investigation Committee brought up load after load of filth from the bottom of the system, and I felt when the election took the city out of Tammany's hands and the reform administration of Mayor Strong gave the labor of regeneration over to Theodore Roosevelt, that the evil days were done and the police set right. But I did not know the police and I did not know the city. I only knew Mr. Roosevelt, the man I had never seen. All he accomplished was to convince the police mind that he was really what they expected—"square, with all four corners on."

That he did this should be the proudest single achievement of his life, of a life that is rich with fine achievements. He stripped of power the old boodle board of New York aldermen; he dared when a boy to be true to himself in American politics; he came out of Harvard a natural, simple man; he went to North Dakota to live on a ranch at the age when men of his class usually go to Europe; he insisted upon preparing the navy for the war with Spain when the war was "impossible." These are some

of the things this man may be proud of, and I think he looks back with most satisfaction to the conduct of his regiment of Rough Riders at Santiago, for, when he got home, he said with ecstasy that "he never had got so close to life as he did down there." But that is merely the expression of taste. Not one of these is as great as the work he did for the police. None of them called for so much courage, energy, labor or brain and will power. He puts all his

might into anything he undertakes, and if you see him at work anywhere, fighting American politicians or Spanish soldiers, shooting a bear, writing a book, dictating a letter or making a speech,

you see clear through him. The years in the police board, however, brought him out best and put him to the severest test. No trait of his character lay dormant then. He is the only happy man of intelligence I know; that was the time he suffered.

He came into the police department knowing what he had to do. It was the tremendous difficulty of the task that at-



DEALING A SLEDGE-HAMMER ARGUMENT.

tracted him away from the congenial post of United States Civil Service Commissioner at Washington. But the Mayor had promised him colleagues who would support any policy he might lay out, and an absolutely free hand. So the moment he took the oath in City Hall with Frederick Dent Grant and Andrew D. Parker, who were appointed at the same time, he set off up Mulberry street at a fast walk for police headquarters. The hangers-on of the building, idle policemen, curious thieves and the newspaper reporters stood on the steps and watched the new commissioners come—Parker, with the long, stealthy stride; Grant, slow moving and indolent; Roosevelt a little ahead, eager, nervous, his head forward, jaw set and looking straight and sharp out of his big round glasses. He led the way at a run up the stairs, saluting heartily here and there a man he knew: "Hello, old man." But he hurried on up to his office where Avery D. Andrews, the fourth commissioner awaited him. Excepting Roosevelt and Grant, all were strangers to one another, but there was no delay for formalities.

"Where's the board room?" asked Roosevelt.

Mr. Andrews showed the room and in they went. In ten minutes the board was organized with Roosevelt as president. That done he jumped up, leaned forward and said intensely, in a few hot words just what he meant to do.

He was there to reform the police. He would punish unpitifully the corrupt; he would advance those who did their duty up to the handle. No pull would work. No political influence could save a man who deserved punishment and none could win an unworthy promotion. This board feared no power on earth.

Now this had all been said before. In that room it was stale. But somehow when Roosevelt said it in short, choppy sentences the reporters knew he meant it. They wrote it with conviction, and the city seemed to believe it, for the statement caused a sensation. The police were excited. But the police could not believe it all at once. They laughed. They are cynics of the worst sort, "the finest" are. Cynicism of the common kind is the faith of half-knowledge in the evil half of the world. The New York police variety is the bigotry of wooden ignorance of anything but the evil with

which it is water-logged. They are confidently wicked; they have practised corruption so long that they believe it is good; they know it is for it pays. To them common thieves are the only men who do not know how to steal, and they arrest them piously as pitiful bunglers in the fine art of crime. How could they grasp the fact their tongues expressed, that here at last was a man who was literally honest and a police commissioner.

The next day Mr. Roosevelt found in his mail a score of letters written by politicians in behalf of certain policemen who wanted promotion, transfers to easy posts, assignments to this or that branch of the service. Roosevelt was a Republican; so were the writers and their friends, the petitioners. That was the only reason given for the favor asked. First, Mr. Roosevelt was angry, then he was humiliated, then alarmed at the magnitude of his task, but his optimism saved him and he was amused. He lay back in his chair and read off aloud the insulting letters one by one, laughing at the humor of the situation. But before he got through callers were announced.

"Let them come in," he said. And in walked a procession of "heelers," come to "have something done" for their friends. The Commissioner knew them well. They were types of the men he had been contending against all his life, and he knew they could not be made to understand right away. He received them cheerfully, explained patiently and with that characteristic emphasis that seems never to weary.

When they were gone Mr. Roosevelt asked the reporters to print another statement from him. There was to be no politics in the police department now. Attempts to influence him would do no good and might do harm if persisted in.

The next day brought more political mail. The same policemen had had other heelers write, other policemen had set their heelers to work with the pen. After the letters were thrown into the waste basket the Commissioner held another reception for the politicians who foregathered in his anteroom. He reiterated his incredible claim to truthfulness. He said pleasantly, forcibly but cheerfully, that he had not lied in his newspaper interviews. The answer was more letters, more calls. He made speeches whenever

he had a chance, he wrote articles for the magazines, he talked to any newspaper man who came along looking for an interview. No medium by which he could reach his public was neglected. He went out into the streets at night and himself did duty as a roundsman catching men loafing or off-post or drinking, and he punished them severely. The penalties were raised and no man got off by political intercession. But the wire pulling did not cease. It increased.

The police cynics simply concluded that they had not hit upon the right kind of pull. They did not send any more low-down politicians. The leaders came, the big party managers, and when they likewise did not seem to get results, the police tried reform politicians, independents, who came, mind you, or wrote, though, it must be confessed that they sometimes added by way of postscript that, while they wished to oblige the applicants, they trusted Mr. Roosevelt would stand up where they feared to stand and would pay no attention to the bearer. The reformers failed like the regulars, and we who were looking on were wondering whether the bluecoats had exhausted their resources when lo—the mail changed: delicate notes came in from society men, big square pages from merchants and small memoranda paper from bankers. Finally these devils turned to the church. When society, commerce and finance proved ineffective, the police fell so low that they had priests, ministers, preachers, sextons, any conscienceless person connected in any way with a religious institution, and these were the worst crew of all. They knew they were doing dirty work; they came into the building and went out again like sneaks, leaving their slimy trail over Mr. Roosevelt's delicate, budding reputation with the police who stood in the halls and watched the humiliating scene. The clergy persisted, too. They could not be "turned down" as the heelers were and sometimes they had what was as harmful as success. Now and then a good man, for whom somebody had put in a word, earned his promotion for merit and he straightway inferred that he had discovered the right pull. He told the others and you could see how they reasoned it all out by the frequency with which that pull was applied.

Those were dark days for us who looked on. I was appalled at the revelation of human weakness. The whole world seemed to be against this man who could count on no help from any source that could supply it. The police were more careful but the corrupt system of blackmail and saloon and brothel-taxation continued, and Mr. Roosevelt found that the law gave him no power to dismiss the hopelessly bad men. He applied to the legislature but it would not change the law. His enemies were lined up solid against him; his own party was on the other side; his friends, the independents and reformers, with few exceptions, were feeble creatures, and in the board Andrew D. Parker was cajoling Colonel Grant to stand by him in a little scheme to render Roosevelt helpless. Mr. Roosevelt did not know of this last element of opposition. He was giving Parker his full confidence, and though he did not lean hard on Grant, he never doubted his good faith. Mr. Andrews alone was sound through thick and thin. But Mr. Roosevelt did not lose courage; and can't. He looked about him for some means of convincing the police of his sincerity and determination. What could he do?

Now I come to the only secret I can expose in this man's character. His life has been so active and swift, his movements so sudden and his fighting so aggressive, that most people think he never thinks, that every act is born of the impulse of the moment. He was graduated from college in 1880, began to study law, appeared the next year as a candidate for the assembly from New York city. Elected, he began his fight for reform. He fought so well that in a year he was known all over the country. It was hard work, a terrible strain on the nerves, but between sessions he bought and lived on a ranch in North Dakota, hunted in the Rockies, rode bronchos, camped out in the wilds with the men of the plains. He lived physically as he did mentally, a rushing, daring life of many, many sides. But his life is a perfect unity. While he rode mustangs and Tammany hoodlers, he wrote historical and political essays, descriptive sketches and books of history, adventure and politics: "The Making of the West," "Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail," "The Winning of the West," "The History of the City of New York." The mind kept pace with the restless

spirit in a tireless body. His brain fed on the same food; all his experiences were turned into literary form and he had time left over, and energy and curiosity, to read and study and think. All that, too, you know.

What I have to tell is that he thinks before he acts. He is never rash. He was fearless before Santiago, but what was the danger of bullets compared to the perils he faced in New York. These he feared. He is an ambitious man, not for high places but for the opportunities high places give for just deeds. He wanted to go on up with his public career till the end of his life. So when he looked around from the police board to see what his will could find to do to carry on his police policy, he was startled at the thing that presented itself.

The principal source of all police corruption was the saloons. There was a law requiring them to be closed on Sundays, but that law was not enforced. It had been passed to satisfy the demands of the Puritans who are only formal moralists, and it was never meant to be enforced. But the police backed by Tammany used that law to compel the liquor dealers to pay a regular, secret tax which amounted to hundreds of thousands of dollars a year. If a saloon did not pay up, the police closed it on Sunday and arrested its keeper. If it did pay it could do as it pleased, and the result was that New York was a wide open town. The Puritans were satisfied because they are fools; the liquor dealers were satisfied because they are wise and did not wish to have the "excise question" raised; the politicians were happy because they could get a liquor dealer's tax reduced if he were good to them; and the police were driving fast horses and buying fine residences. The Tenderloin alone paid \$10,000 a year.

When Mr. Roosevelt, therefore, sought something to do he saw this system. He could order the police to close the saloons and he could see for himself whether they obeyed. He hesitated. The danger to himself was terrible. All the forces for evil in the city would be turned from amused opponents into bitter enemies. The corrupt would never forgive him and the great mass of the people would not understand. Men came running to Mr. Roosevelt with warnings. The liquor dealers were an organized trust, rich and

powerful; the brewers were a combination of capitalists with their roots in the gutters; the church people were too weak, selfish, unintelligent to do anything toward getting a reasonable law; the Germans, that is the German-Americans, were stupid and as prejudiced as the Puritans; the politicians of both parties would lose money and power which would make them fight as for life.

"You will be ruined."

That was the conclusion of all the remonstrances. Mr. Roosevelt feared just that. He was no novice in politics and he has imagination. He could see what was ahead of him and he contemplated deliberately the prospect. But at last he came down to the question:

"Is there any other way to do the work I was set here to do?"

There was none. So he did it. He laid aside his ambition and he closed those saloons up tight; all of them, front door, side door, rear door, cellar and attic. It was a long struggle and the town was in an uproar. Every influence that could be brought to bear, of persuasion or threat, was tried on him, but his jaw was set hard and after a few weeks of amazed incredulity, the police believed he meant business and they did their duty, as he told them to "up to the handle."

That was success. At the end it did not seem so, but no triumph of Mr. Roosevelt's career has or will ever eclipse this conquest of public cynicism.

After a while the plot in the board came to a head and all the other predictions also were fulfilled. The corrupt politicians, the brewers, the liquor dealers and many of the newspapers roused the wrath of the asinine herd. The work was undone, Roosevelt was forced to resign and the great city of New York, nay, the Greater New York, called back Tammany and peaceful repose in easy corruption. The police are what they were. Only a few of those who reformed remain to be annoyed, punished, and humiliated, unless (as they are doing one by one), they surrender and come into the new, perfected system of blackmail and bribery. New York is New York again, vox populi, vox of the devil.

Mr. Roosevelt threw off the nightmare and hastened to Washington to become Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Again he was happy, cheerful, good natured,

busy. He worked—and the navy knows what he did. The sailor man does not know what Roosevelt did for the police any more than the policeman knows what he did for the navy, but when one night after the war a Jacky was arrested for being drunk and disorderly he happened to cheer on the way to the station house for Dewey, for Sampson, for Schley, for his captain, and for—Roosevelt, the policeman suddenly stopped.

"What do you know about Roosevelt?" asked the "copper."

"He—hic—furnished th'—hic—ammunition. Hurrah!"

"'Sh! 'sh!'" said the cop, and he took the prisoner back to Broadway and turned him over to the man on post there. He whispered something and that man passed the sailor on down the street to the next man, who led him to the next post and so on till the drunken sailor at last was at the Battery with a ticket for the fleet anchorage off Tompkinsville.

Not many Rough Riders were arrested in New York, either, you know, though they caused the police lots of trouble. Some of them woke up in first-class

hotel beds, wondering how they got there.

As I write Colonel Roosevelt is running as the Republican candidate for Governor of New York. This article will appear after it is known whether he is elected or not. I have an abstract as well as a personal interest in the result, for I always recall when I think of Mr. Roosevelt a speech made to a class of students in my college days by a professor of political history.

"Young gentlemen," he said, "you can get the measure of your country by watching how far Theodore Roosevelt goes in his public career."

The professor was a man who saw things so straight that everybody called him a cynic. He denied honesty to most men in public life, but he knew Mr. Roosevelt had the virtue and all the courage of it. That was why he did not believe he would go far. He did not think the politicians would let him rise; he was sure the people were too unintelligent to back him. Soon after that Roosevelt was defeated for Mayor. This is the first time since then that he has appealed to the vox Dei.

DREAMS

BY
HAROLD MacGRATH

I would not have my dreams controlled by night,
Vague prisoners that the brain must house,
That hither, thither go in stumbling flight,
Led on by Morpheus and his poppy drowse:
Mad eyes through troubled mists at me to peer,
Wan ghosts of loves and hopes forgotten long,
Glimpses of faces once we held so dear,
Snatches of melody from broken song!
Rather would I dream my dreams in open day
Beneath some spreading tree lie stretched at ease,
Watching the leaves above me quiver and sway,
Touched by the love of some caressing breeze:
The sky serenely clear and blue and rare,
A cool, fresh, perfume from the river-rush,
A swarm of glittering insects in the air,
And over all a calm and peaceful hush.
Then could I dream a dream so strangely sweet
Heaven itself must envy me of men!
Nor would I sigh because the dream might be too fleet,
For I could dream it o'er and o'er again.
Bring me no dream, then, born of gloomy night,
Those tangled skeins of broken songs and themes;
But let me dream when day is warm and bright,
For, waking, I am master of my dreams!

The SUBALTERN'S CHRISTMAS

By THEODORE ROBERTS



I.
 WAS it last year? White lay the snow
 On meadows sloping to the stream.
 The hay stacks stood in a long row,
 Shrouded in white, and seemed to dream.
 The farm-house windows were aglow.

The fodder-bays, and hay-filled mows
 Shed a soft incense. Stars hung dim
 Above the gabled, shadow house;
 A pine branch reached for the moon's rim.
 Some dream disturbed the stanchioned cows.

Was it last year? Beside the fire
 Of maple faggots and rough spruce
 The mother smiled, and the hale 'Squire
 Cracked the Yule joke, and carved the goose,
 And kissed, when mistletoe hung loose.

And I, who saw no changings near,
 Save of the seed-time and the fall,
 Found joy in all the harmless cheer,
 And danced *Sir Roger* in the hall.
 But was that Christmas-night, last year?

II.

Was it last year? To-day has been
 Sheer golden, down the windless bay;
 And now we watch the fairy shen
 Of moonlight, and my comrades say
 "We all should have some holly-green.

"To wear for old sake's sake," and so
 My dreams go out, past the live-oak—
 Beyond the flowers, and to the snow,
 Where frosts are keen. There mine own folk
 Muse softly in the ingle glow

The waters of the Bay swing white
 Below God's sentinel, the moon,
 Our canvas homes are all alight.
 The wind has found some hidden tune
 That floods across my heart to-night.

My comrades, tho' the miles are set
 In Space, and Time, twixt Now, and Then;
 And we have seen the white swords wet,
 And sped the souls of fighting men—
 We hold Christ's birth a feast-day yet!



W. Halsey

GOD BLESS THE MASTER OF THIS HOUSE!

BY

GEORGE R. SIMS

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IT was five o'clock on the evening of the 24th of December when Mr. Augustus Tarboy, who had been out marketing, arrived muddy and puffing in front of his residence, No. 21 Kay street, Brunswick Square.

"Thank goodness!" said Mr. Tarboy. "'Be it ever so humble there's no place like home'—especially when you've made yourself a beast of burden, and you're sixteen stone by the Automatic Weighing Machine at King's Cross Station, and there isn't a cab to be had for love or money."

Having relieved himself of this expression of gratitude and its accompanying explanation, Mr. Tarboy stepped three paces back on the pavement, and admiringly surveyed the front of his mansion from basement to roof.

"Mine!" said Mr. Tarboy, mopping his brow with his handkerchief. "Mine—all mine—mine and Maria's, God bless her!—and a home for any man to be proud of."

The blinds were already down all over the house. There was a bright light from the gas in the kitchen, and Mr. Tarboy noted it.

"There she is, down there, God bless her!" he said, "a-working and a-worrying and a-getting my tea, and her head full of to-morrow. Augustus Tarboy, you've got a wife in a thousand—you have, my boy, and I hope you're becomingly grateful. Maria, God bless you!"

Mr. Tarboy kissed his hand affectionately at the drawn kitchen blind, and then he brought his eyes up to the ground floor. There was no gas there, but the ruddy firelight danced and flickered through the lowered venetians.

"Everything ready for me in there," he said. "The armchair wheeled up to the fire, the kettle on the trivet, the table laid, my pipe and 'baccy brought up and put on the mantleself, and a vase full of new-made spills ready to my hand. I'm as sure of it as if I'd been inside and

looked. What a wife I've got—what a wife!"

Lifting his eyes in thankfulness to the sombre skies, Mr. Tarboy's attention was arrested by a dim light in a room on the third floor.

"Poor girl!—poor girl!" he said; "there's the skeleton in my cupboard this happy Christmas Eve—there's the ghost as'll be at my banquet to-morrow! Poor girl—poor, lonely little girl!"

Mr. Tarboy shook his head mournfully, and mounting the steps of his residence, knocked an apologetic knock on the front door.

As he did so he glanced at the fanlight, in which a jet of gas was burning in a pink glass globe, and caught sight of a small bust of Charles Dickens, which occupied a post of honor in the centre. Mr. Tarboy deposited his parcels on the top step, and raised his hat to the bust.

"In love and humble duty, sir," he said, "at this season of the year, which if ever a man understood its lessons and taught them to the world, you did, sir. And may all in this house humbly follow your example."

The door opened at that moment and a stout, comely, middle aged woman stood staring at Mr. Tarboy.

"Good gracious, Augustus!" she exclaimed, "whatever are you doing standing without your hat in a wind that's fit to perish you? It's enough to give one rheumatics in the head to look at you!"

"It's all right, Maria. I was taking off my hat to the bust of Dickens, and thinking of 'The Cricket on the Hearth.'"

"'Cricket on the Hearth!'" said Mrs. Tarboy; "you look more like neuralgia on the doorstep. Come in, do!"

Mrs. Tarboy gently but firmly dragged Mr. Tarboy in by the collar of his overcoat. When the door was closed he, catching sight of a bunch of mistletoe, which was suspended in the centre of the hall, put his laden arms as far round the comely dame as they would go, and

pressing her to his bosom gave her a hearty kiss.

"Maria," he said, "it is our first Christmas Eve in our own home; God bless you, Maria, and a many of 'em!"

Augustus Tarboy was on the wrong side of fifty and Maria was forty-five. Their romance had commenced over twenty years ago. In those days Augustus Tarboy, a slim good-looking young fellow, had fallen madly in love with Maria Twemlow, a young housemaid who had recently been engaged by Lord Farndale's housekeeper. Maria was a pretty, genteel girl, and Augustus, who was his lordship's valet, thought he had never seen such a perfect creature before. Being of a shy and bashful nature—not a common complaint with noblemen's valets—Augustus loved for some months in secret; but at last he summoned up courage to inform Maria that she had won his heart. They were returning from evening church together when Augustus made his trembling confession and it was in the very darkest part of the long avenue of elms leading up to the famous old mansion in Surrey, which had been the Farndale's ever since the days of James I.

The young woman listened for a moment in blank astonishment; for like most bashful men, Augustus had plunged into his subject without any preliminary remarks. But when Maria Twemlow realized that the good-looking young valet was offering her marriage she gave a little gasp and said:

"Oh, please don't—please don't say any more!" and made a dash for the house, leaving Augustus crestfallen and trembling, with nothing to distract his thoughts

but the sighing of the night wind and the cawing of the rooks.

But the next day Maria Twemlow, came upon Augustus, when he was alone in the library arranging his lordship's papers, and there in a sweet, womanly way begged him to think no more of her, as a marriage between them was impossible. And when Augustus with tears in his eyes begged her to reconsider her determination, she felt a great pity come into her heart for his hopeless love and confessed to him the secret of her life.

She had been married two years previously to a man whom she had believed to be a well-to-do young fellow, but after six months of married life in London she had discovered that her husband's well-to-do-ness arose from his participation in the profits of a series of frauds. One fine day John Laxton left his home. The next



"'Good gracious, Augustus! Whatever are you doing, standing without your hat in a wind that's fit to perish you?'"

time his young wife saw him he was standing with two of his associates in the dock at the Old Bailey, and the result of his trial was that he received a sentence of fourteen years' penal servitude.

Thus it was that Maria, who had no friends or relatives, had to turn out again and earn her living. She saw that all chance of doing so in domestic service, to which she had been brought up, would be denied her if it was known that her husband was a convicted criminal, so she resumed her maiden name of Twemlow, and a former mistress having kindly interested herself in her behalf, she obtained a situation as housemaid at Farndale Court.

Augustus promised that he would respect the young woman's secret, and he

kept his word. But he was more desperately in love with her than ever, and presently the knowledge of his loyal devotion touched the heart of the unhappy wife, and he found that she was returning his affection. Then the situation grew painful to both of them, and Maria said that she must leave. That Augustus would not hear of; so he cut the Gordian knot by giving notice himself.

One day the young valet and the young housemaid bade each other a tearful farewell. But as he held the young wife's hand in his, Augustus vowed that he would always love her, and that he would be faithful to her memory, and that no other woman should ever supplant her in his affections.

And so the years went on. Maria remained at the Court, and Augustus went to London, obtained another situation and prospered. From time to time the lovers saw each other, and talked as friends.

John Laxton, before his sentence had expired, was released on a ticket of leave, and found his wife. She gave him her savings, and bade him leave her in peace. He took the money, and went back to London, where in six months he was once more in the hands of the law.

But at last the bar that stood between the happiness of the faithful couple was removed. John Laxton, who had spent most of the intervening twenty years in jail, died of consumption in the prison infirmary, and Maria Twemlow was a free woman.

Augustus was abroad with his master at the time. On his return to England the news reached him and he hastened to Farndale Court, where the young housemaid was now the middle-aged housekeeper, and once more offered her his hand and fortune. And in due time the man and woman who



" . . . She made a dash for the house, leaving Augustus
restfallen and trembling. . . . "



"The first Christmas Day in their own home was to be celebrated in quite 'baronial' manner."

had waited so long for each other went to the altar and were made happy at last.

Augustus Tarboy was fifty-one and Maria forty-five when they became man and wife. Both had money saved—Augustus had a good deal—and so they took a house in Kay street, Brunswick Square, furnished it neatly and arranged to let off a portion of it in apartments. They had entered into possession six months ago. This was the first Christmas of their married life—the first, as Augustus put it when he saluted his buxom little wife under the mistletoe, that they had passed "under their own roof."

Mr. Tarboy had finished his tea and sat in his easy chair smoking his favorite pipe, with his slippared feet on the fender, love in his heart and admiration in his eyes. The love and admiration were both for his wife, who had displayed the most remarkable skill in the adornment of their dining-room. Augustus declared that with a bunch of holly and some evergreens she had converted it into a fairy bower, and when she told him of the preparations she had made for their first Christmas dinner Augustus became almost reverential.

The first Christmas day in their own home was to be celebrated in quite "baronial" manner. The term was Mr. Tarboy's, and came of long connection with the landed gentry. Mr. Tarboy had invited several of his own relatives, and Maria had invited two of her former fellow-servants at the Court—two who had married recently and settled in London; and they were going to bring their husbands with them.

"Ah!" said Mr. Tarboy, "it'll be a happy Christmas, Maria; the happiest I've known for twenty years, my dear."

"Yes, dear," said the little woman, putting a plump arm round her husband's neck and kissing the upturned face tenderly, "and the happiest that I've known, too. Christmas was always a miserable time at the Court for me, and it was miserable for everybody after poor Mr. Hugh and his lordship quarreled five years ago, and Mr. Hugh left the Court and we never saw him and never heard of him again."

"Poor young fellow!" exclaimed Mr. Tarboy. "I only knew him as a boy. I don't think his lordship ever loved the lad, though he was his only son. He cost his mother her life, you know, Maria,

when he came into the world, and his lordship was never the same man after it. Many a time I've seen him sitting opposite her ladyship's portrait as was hung over the fireplace in his bedroom and looking at it with tears in his eyes. And sometimes, when the fit was on him, I've known him to pace the room like a madman, and say things aloud that would have been blasphemy against the will of Heaven, Maria, if it hadn't been that it was his heart crying out in agony, and not his lips speaking in anger."

"Yes, I suppose it was that made him turn against the boy," said Maria, with a sorrowful look in her eyes; "but it made our hearts ache for the poor young gentleman the way his father treated him as he grew up. They used to say at the Court that his father had never kissed his son and heir, or given him one fatherly caress from the day he was born. And so when he grew up Mr. Hugh seemed to hate the place. When he was at home, and became wild in his ways, we servants used to say that it wasn't to be wondered at, poor young gentleman!"

"Maria, my dear," said Mr. Tarboy, "put some more coals on the fire and stir up a blaze, it makes me cold to think of such things at Christmas time. I suppose there's no doubt that Mr. Hugh is dead, eh, Maria?"

"I'm afraid he must be," answered Mrs. Tarboy, stirring till the bright flames roared up the chimney. "It's five years since he left the Court in anger, after a terrible scene with his lordship, vowing he'd never enter the place again while his father lived. From that hour no word ever came from him and now the old lord's been dead three months and the heir's been advertised for, and the lawyers have been hunting for him all over the world—and Mr. Hugh's never made a sign."

"Yes, of course he must be dead," replied Mr. Tarboy, knocking the ashes out of his pipe. "He'd ha' come back and claimed the estates by this time if he hadn't been. Let's talk o' something else more Christmassy, Maria. It ain't the sort of thing to have hovering over your domestic hearth with the carollers outside-a-singing:

'God bless the master of this house,
God bless the mistress too,
And all the little children
That round the table go.'

I shall have to go out and give 'em a shilling and ask 'em to go away. Ah! thank goodness, they've finished. They jarred, Maria. Your talking about his lordship and poor Mr. Hugh got on my nerves, my dear. Fancy a Christmas carol jarring in a home that has a bust of Charles Dickens in the fanlight of its hall. It ain't right, Maria, it ain't right."

Mr. Tarboy rose and paced the room, and Mrs. Tarboy gave a great gulp and seemed inclined to cry.

"I'm so sorry, Augustus, dear," she whispered. "I ought to have known how tender-hearted you are."

Augustus Tarboy passed his hand across his eyes and exclaimed:

"It's gone, Maria; the vision of domestic misery and the silent rooms of Farndale Court is banished. Don't let's speak of it again. Hullo! what's that?"

Mr. Tarboy started, and Mrs. Tarboy opened her mouth in astonishment. The front door had been suddenly pulled to. Mrs. Tarboy went to the head of the kitchen stairs and called out sharply:

"Sarah!" an a voice from below answered:

"Yes, ma'am."

Mrs. Tarboy came back again to her husband.

"It isn't Sarah," she said. Then she gave a sudden start. "Good gracious, Augustus," she exclaimed, "it must be our third floor!"

"Never!" exclaimed Mr. Tarboy. "Why, she's been too weak, poor thing, to go out for days past, and for her to do it such a bitter night as this. Go up, Maria; go up at once."

Mrs. Tarboy went up to the third floor as fast as she could, and came down panting.

"It's her, Augustus," she said. "Oh, go after her at once and bring her back. It's death to her to be out on a night like this. She must be mad."

Mr. Tarboy put on his hat and overcoat and Sarah, hastily summoned, came rushing up with his boots. A minute later he was out in the street, staring up and down it and wondering which way the "third floor" had gone.

Presently, as his eyes became accustomed to the cold blue haze which had come on with the night, he saw a policeman standing under the lamp-post at the next corner. He went across and asked him if he had seen a young woman come

out of No. 21. The policeman said he had and she had gone up the street toward Brunswick Square.

Mr. Tarboy turned up his coat collar, for the air was biting "shrewdly," and walked in the direction indicated. The square was deserted, but in almost every house the lights were burning brightly, and the sound of merry voices floated out now and again upon the quiet night.

Suddenly a woman's voice rose sweetly from the darkness beyond. It was a rich contralto, but it trembled now and again as it sang the grand old carol, "God rest you, merry gentlemen."

Mr. Tarboy knew that voice in a moment. He had heard it first a month ago, when Miss Ruth Helmore, who said she was an actress, had taken the modest room on the third floor. Miss Helmore had gone out daily, and spent the evenings in her own room, which Mr. Tarboy thought was odd for an actress, but sometimes in the evening they heard a beautiful voice filling the house with melody, and Mr. and Mrs. Tarboy had agreed that Miss Helmore must be a young lady who sang on the stage, but was temporarily out of an engagement.

Gradually Mrs. Tarboy, in her kind, motherly way, had won the young lady's heart, and had gathered that their surmise was correct, and Mrs. Tarboy had inspired sufficient confidence also to ascertain that Miss Helmore was really a young wife, but that her husband was "away," and she had been singing at the theatres as a chorus girl in his absence. And Mr. and Mrs. Tarboy, talking their "third floor" over, had long ago come to the conclusion that Miss Helmore was very unhappy and very poor, and that she was going out day after day to try and get something to do because she was rapidly approaching the end of her slender resources.

This idea was confirmed when at the end of the third week Miss Helmore, with a white face, came to her landlady and stammered out a plea for a little time. She was hoping to get an engagement every day, but for the present she was not prepared to "pay up her book" with the punctuality generally insisted on by London landladies.

Mrs. Tarboy told Augustus, and Augustus, who had been struck with the girl's ladylike demeanor and evident dis-



"Miss Helmore, with a white face, came to her landlady and stammered out a plea for a little time."



"Mrs. Tarboy talked to her till the poor tired little chorus-girl fell asleep."

dress, requested Mrs. Tarboy not to worry the poor young thing, but to take every opportunity of making her comfortable. And so Mrs. Tarboy had done her best to comfort and cheer up the penniless "third floor."

Both husband and wife had noticed that their lodger was getting ill, and that she was scarcely in a condition to take an engagement if she succeeded in getting one. They made up their minds that worry and want of sufficient nourishment were at the bottom of Miss Helmore's ill-health, and they tried their best to relieve the situation. But the girl was proud, and they hardly dared to do what they would have liked to—to send for their own doctor and supply her with the wine and nourishment she undoubtedly needed.

Mr. Tarboy had quite taken his "third floor's" misfortunes to heart and had built a romantic story of love and sorrow round her. He felt sure that it was another case of a bad husband and a deserted wife, and it was the reflection of the dim light on the third floor blind that had been the one bitter drop in his cup of happiness, as he gave off his cheery Christmas sentiments on the doorstep that evening.

"Good gracious!" cried Mr. Tarboy, as he recognized the beautiful voice of his "third floor," "she must have gone suddenly out of her mind! She's delirious and thinks she's at the opera. She can't

be singing in the streets in her sober senses."

He hurried in the direction of the sound and there he saw Ruth Helmore shivering and trembling in the roadway and singing. A window opened and there was the sound of a coin striking the pavement. Ruth Helmore gave a great shiver but stepped forward to pick it up. As she did so she reeled and would have fallen to the ground if Mr. Tarboy had not reached her side in the nick of time and put a strong arm round her waist.

"My dear young lady! My dear Miss Helmore!" he gasped. "What on earth are you thinking of?"

"Oh, don't, don't!" said the girl, bursting into tears. "I—I owe you money and I must pay it—I must earn it. I haven't a penny in the world. I heard the carol singers to-night. I opened my window to listen, and I saw the people throw them money—shillings and half crowns—and I thought—I thought I might perhaps get some that way, too, and—"

"Oh, dear, oh, dear! the very idea of it. And you ill as you are!—and—" glancing at the girl's thin dress and light cloak—"and not half wrapped up enough. You come home with me, my dear. You're going to spend the evening with Mrs. Tarboy and myself and have supper with us, and we'll talk about what you owe after Christmas when you've got an engagement."

But there was no sitting up when Mr. Tarboy got his trembling charge home. Mrs. Tarboy saw that bed was the best place for her, so she helped her up to the third floor, made a big fire, put her to bed, and insisted on her taking a steaming bowl of cornflour with a wineglassful of whisky in it, and then when she was quiet and seemed to have got over her shivering, Mrs. Tarboy sat down by the bedside and talked to her till the poor tired little chorus girl fell asleep. Then Mrs. Tarboy came down stairs and told her husband all she had learned.

"Oh, dear, Augustus, it's another sad story," she said. "The poor girl's told me everything, seeing she had a real friend in me, she said. She's a married woman, right enough. I saw the ring below the keeper when she put her hand in mine, poor thing. Her husband's in trouble somewhere and can't get to her. I'm afraid it's jail, Augustus, indeed I am. She says he's a gentleman though he's a common soldier. It seems he enlisted owing to family troubles, and he met her at Portsmouth, where she was singing with a company, and fell in love with her straightaway, and the poor foolish young people they got married.

"She's a good girl, Augustus, I'm sure, and quite a lady. She told me her father was a doctor and was ruined and died in an asylum, and she decided to go on the stage and use her voice for a living, because she had no friends, and it was the best thing to do. They were happy enough for a year, and then her husband got into trouble. She declares it wasn't his fault, but a sergeant in the regiment who hated him because he was a gentleman ranker, grossly insulted him about her. Then, mad with rage, the young fellow seized the bully and thrashed him within an inch of his life in the barrack square, before half the regiment, and he was tried for it, and sentenced, and he's in the military prison now and poor Miss Helmore says it will be two years before he'll be free. She writes to him and he writes

to her when he's allowed, but of course he can't send her any money, poor thing. Isn't it sad, Augustus?"

"Sad!" exclaimed Mr. Tarboy, "it's heartbreaking, Maria. Here's our first Christmas together, you and me, and a tragedy under our own roof. It's all tragedies, Maria, and it don't seem to have brought the Spirit of Christmas our way at all. That bust of Dickens in our hall, Maria—I've half a mind to take it down and put the mistletoe on the fire as a holler mockery."

Mr. Tarboy strode out into the hall and looked up half-reproachfully at the bust of the great novelist who is said to have invented the Christmas of Charity and Loving-kindness, the Christmas of the Hearth, the Heart and the Home. And as he gazed it seemed to him that the cold face of the modelled clay relaxed into a smile and the lips of the master moved. It was only a gust of wind that had caught the gas in the pink globe and caused it to flare up and cast a pink reflection



"On Christmas morning the postman handed in some half-dozen letters for Mrs. Tarboy."

on the face of the bust, but it cheered Mr. Tarboy immensely.

"Maria," he said, "I've banished this vision of misery as I banished the other. Charles Dickens says it'll be all right. If there wasn't any misery in the world there'd be nothing for people to do on Christmas day to show their gratitude for the mercies vouchsafed to them. To-morrow the 'third floor,' has her Christmas dinner with us, and she is the honored guest. Don't forget that Maria—the honored guest."

On Christmas morning the postman knocked at No. 21 Kay street, and handed in some half-dozen letters for Mr. and Mrs. Tarboy, which were Christmas cards from old friends, and one letter for Miss Ruth Helmore.

"Oh, I am glad!" and Mrs. Tarboy, ran off up stairs with it to the invalid.

Ruth Helmore gave a cry of joy as she saw the envelope. She tore it open and read the contents, and then with a little hysterical cry flung up her arms and fainted dead away. When she came to herself Mrs. Tarboy was bending over her, bathing her head.

"Oh," cried the girl, "I couldn't help it. It—it was joy—He's free—free—my husband—my darling! He's coming to me to-day—to-day. Oh, you will let him come here, won't you?"

Mrs. Tarboy couldn't speak for a moment—the statement had quite taken her breath away. When she had recovered her speech she flung her arms round her "third floor's" neck and exclaimed:

"Come here, my dear? Why, of course. Where else should a husband be on Christmas day but with his wife?"

And then she went off down two stairs at a time, with a palpitating heart to tell Augustus the good news.

"I knew it!" cried Mr. Tarboy, triumphantly; "I knew as that expression on the bust of Charles Dickens meant that everything would come right. Now, Maria, there's two honored guests round our mahogany this Christmas day—our 'third floor' and our 'third floor's' husband. What a dinner—what a real Christmas dinner it will be! That bust won't have nothing to blush for under our roof, Maria. I'm not sure as I shan't take it down and put it in the middle of the table with a wreath of holly and mistle-toe round it."

About one o'clock there was a knock at the door. Sarah, the maid of all work, answered it, as Mr. Tarboy was in the beer cellar and Mrs. Tarboy was busy with the turkey.

When Sarah came down she was in a state of great excitement.

"Oh, mem," she said, "it was a young man as asked for the 'third floor,' and said he was her 'usbing, and I showed him up as you said, mem, and I 'ope I done right."

"Quite right," said Mrs. Tarboy. Then she called out across the passage to the cellar, "Augustus, he's come—Miss Helmore's husband's come."

"Hooray!" replied a voice from the cellar. "God bless 'em both, and a merry Christmas to 'em. Maria, this is something like a Christmas day!"

Mr. and Mrs. Millet arrived about one-thirty, and as dinner was not for an hour, Mrs. Millet and Mrs. Tarboy had scraps of conversation between whiles. Mrs. Millet, who had been married from Farn-dale Court, had the latest news to impart. Among the late lord's letters had been found a letter to his son, in which he expressed his sincere grief for what he had done, and acknowledged that he had been to blame. It was the olive branch held out from the grave.

Mrs. Tarboy shook her head.

"Too late," she said, "too late. Mr. Hugh will never know. He is dead, too."

The other guests arrived, and dinner being quite ready, Sarah was sent up to the third floor with "Mr. and Mrs. Tarboy's compliments, and would Mr. and Mrs. Helmore please come down, as dinner was waiting."

Everybody was standing up in the dining-room when the door opened and Ruth Helmore stepped in.

"Mrs. Tarboy," she said, "this is my husband, Mr.—"

There was a startled cry and Mrs. Tarboy and Mrs. Millet staggered forward together, and Mrs. Tarboy gave a little shriek.

"Mr. Hugh!" she cried. "It's—it's—"

Then she flopped down in a chair speechless, and Mr. Tarboy, looking in imminent danger of apoplexy, bowed respectfully to the apparition and said:

"Mr. Hugh! Am I dreaming, or—"

"It is no dream," said the young man, taking his young wife's hand and staring

round at the familiar faces in utter bewilderment. "But, good gracious, Tarboy—and you, Maria, and you, Jane—is—is it a comedy—or—or—whatever are you all doing here? This isn't Farndale Court—and—"

Then everybody spoke at once, and Hugh learned of his father's letter of forgiveness and of his death, and that for a month every effort had been made to find him. Then he insisted on their all sitting down to dinner, though Mr. and Mrs. Tarboy and Mrs. Millet wanted to take theirs in the kitchen.

And when he had made everybody at ease he told them how he had enlisted under a false name and how he had been imprisoned and released only the previous day, two years before his time, for saving the life of a warder attacked by half a dozen prisoners, and how he had at once written to his wife and came to London to spend the first day of liberty with her.

And when the Christmas pudding was taken away and the dessert was on the table Mr. Tarboy rose and said:

"With our humble respects, and long life and many happy Christmas days to my Lord and Lady Farndale of Farndale Court. God bless them!"

And the company drank it with a re-

spectful but hearty three times three and their humble duty, and while Mrs. Tarboy was clearing away for tea, still out of breath as well she might be, Augustus strode out into the hall and looking up at the bust of Charles Dickens, bowed low to it. To the day of his death Mr. Tarboy will believe that it was having the bust of the great Apostle of Christmas in his hall that brought the happiness of that Christmas Day about.

How else could Lady Farndale have been singing for charity in the snow on Christmas Eve, and happy in Lord Farndale's arms on Christmas night, and she the day before only a poor little chorus girl out of an engagement, and his lordship a common soldier with two years' imprisonment yet to run?

That night, as Mr. Tarboy laid his head upon the pillow, he turned to Mrs. Tarboy and said:

"Maria—the first Christmas under our own roof—and what a Christmas Day!"

And outside a belated party of revellers woke the echoes of Kay street with "God bless the Master of this House," and every wakeful ear beneath that master's roof caught the words and re-echoed them in their hearts.

TOCSIN

BY

JOHN GIBLON

Two gifts earth offers youth—
Strong life, strong love. These two
Are solely real; alone are Truth.
In them alone we *be* and *do*.
Aught else, excrescent lies,
And forms no living part.
Within the earth-enclosing skies
Two things are thine—a head and heart.
The heart for love. All strife,
All pain mind must subdue.
'Tis fear that takes the zest from life
And soils young vows that had been true.
Fear not. Endure! Inscribe
The full allotted leaf.
Who trembles, fails; the stinging gibe
Of Mistress Fate embitt'ring grief.

TOPICS IN THEATRE

ALL honor to Richard Mansfield, the most untiring, ambitious and most richly endowed actor on the American stage! From *Cheverial* to *Cyrano* his career is a record of artistic and pleasure-giving achievement. His productions have not all been successes; not all of them deserved success. But in *Cyrano*, the dramatic wonder of the season, he has most assuredly attained the zenith of his lofty aims. It is deliciously easy and it smacks of smartness for puling cavillers, who have never seen Coquelin, and who, if they did see him, could not comprehend, to charge that Mansfield's *Cyrano* is pretty good, but 'tis not the *Cyrano* of Coquelin. Amen! But Mansfield plays and produces a translation, an adaptation, an English version, what you will, and makes claim to nothing more. If a Coquelin presentation were desirable, Coquelin we should have had. But the great French comedian has been here, others of the French stage have also tried America, and Coquelin and the rest found it did not pay. The mass of audiences will no more accept French plays in the original, unadulterated form, than the gentlemen in such audiences will wear high hats of the flat brim and stove-polish lustre of Parisian make. The balcony scene of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" in French prose is as far removed from the sonorous cadence of English blank verse as is the Rostand from the Bard of Avon. Yet to the French mind this same scene is as memorable as it is to our own. So it is with the French *Cyrano* and the English *Cyrano*; and each is beautiful. This, not because *Cyrano* has an unnaturally large nose, but because he has a sou, to win our sympathies, because every character in that enormous cast is a real being, because the same old tale of love unrequited and a sword never vanquished is told anew and charmingly, in fine because de Rostand is both dramatist and poet.

The people like drama and, much as you may argue against it, the people like poetry. Only, they must have it dealt to them in proper fashion. Mark Twain commenting recently on the absence of serious and poetic pieces from our stage, says and with justice:

"Thirty years ago Edwin Booth played 'Hamlet' a hundred nights in New York. With three times the population, how often is 'Hamlet' played now in a year? If Booth were back now in his prime, how often could he play it in New York? Some will say twenty-five nights. I will say three hundred and say it with confidence. The tragedians are dead; but I think that the taste and intelligence which made their market are not."

Richard Mansfield has presented *Cyrano* in a manner to appeal to American taste, and it is a compliment to the nation, to add, that he has not deteriorated a jot in his own, to do so most successfully. For the months of incessant labor and the largeness of expense he has outlaid in this endeavor he is receiving his just due. On his good fortune he is to be congratulated; for his industry and discretion in the behalf of our entertainment and instruction, we are his willing debtors.

Another of our players, who, in a less daring spirit but with equal perseverance, strives ever to strengthen the bonds between himself and his admirers is William H. Crane. Mr. Crane makes a bid for new honors in a new play this season, by Eugene Presbrey, the author of that pretty, if not startlingly original comedy, "A Virginia Courtship." Not much information concerning the character of the latest production has been announced in advance. From the title, however, "Worth a Million," we may expect a play of modern life. If Mr. Crane is to appear in the guise of man of business,



Chickering Photo

OLIVE OLIVER

of W. H. Crane's Company

there is no doubt that his clever enacting of the rôle in private life will help him materially on the stage. That however, seems hardly an occasion for the display of Mr. Crane's comic abilities, so perchance he will exploit the duped man of millions, who is always funny to everybody but himself and those awaiting the execution of his will. Olive Oliver, an actress of sterling talent, will have a part of merited importance in "Worth A Million."

Even if John Drew were not John Drew, which means a wealth of charm, intelligence, taste and mirth to every theatre-goer in the country, "The Liars" is a comedy of sufficient wit and brilliance to tone the most ill-digested dinner. The ascent of Henry Arthur Jones from the trite simplicity of "A Clerical Error" and the stirring melodrama of

"The Silver King" to the dignity and keenness of "The Case of Rebellious Susan," and "The Liars" should be a profitable example for the budding dramatist, who scorns melodrama and dotes on Maeterlinck. "The Liars" is sharp in characterization, spirited in action, quick in dialogue, and delicious in humor. Each of these ingredients in less dainty quantities was required of the author when he wrote "The Silver King" and his subsequent melodramas. If it had not been for these he could not have written "The Liars," for Jones was not born a poet; and a dramatist, if he cannot be made, can at least be developed. In his development he is of course bounden to the capacity of his interpreters; and in "The Liars," Henry Arthur Jones has every reason for gratitude to the cast. Not to mention the star and principals, who are as nearly perfect as can be, the



Photo by Pach

RICHARD MANSFIELD

as Cyrano

rôle of the waiter in the second act is a gem of clean comedy. You have never seen a waiter so played before, and yet you can hardly stumble on a restaurant where the service is French without finding a similar veteran of the servitors. His limping, rheumatic gait, his trembling hands, his bleary eyes, and long-drawn, piping treble of "Bien—m'sieu!" are all here faithfully reproduced. This is only a trifle in the piece, but the care

which is bestowed on it, will convey some idea of the nice elaboration of the production entire.

Joseph Jefferson in "The Rivals" is no new delight to theatre-goers, although the splendid company with which he surrounds himself this season is rather a novelty and no more than a fit setting for the main figure of the picture. Elsie



COQUELIN

as Cyrano

Leslie, whom we all doted on as a child-actress, blossoms now as *Lydia Languish*, and gives a very smooth and pretty performance. What becomes of all the child-actors and actresses, anyhow? They seem all to disappear just when their glory is greatest, and it is only in rare cases that one hears of them again.

"Catherine," the new play of Henri Lavedan, which was a Comedie Française production beyond the sea, does not enthrall audiences despite the wonderfully well-selected company that interprets it.

Annie Russell, whom half the tribe of critics rave over as an ill-treated genius, in that she is always shown in poor plays, has made her highest bid for starring renown in this domestic comedy. But it is a serious question whether Miss Russell with all her sweetness and talent, can command the force, fire and originality to make her way as a star. Elsie de Wolfe and Mrs. Le Moyne are two of the best received actresses in her support, while the gentlemen's parts are all in good hands. Miss de Wolfe makes her most ambitious essay for fame in "Catherine," in a kind of a rôle which all



Reutlinger
photo

ELSIE DE WOLFE
in "Catherine"

women despise, though at times they may themselves have played it in real life. If they have, one may be sure that they hate themselves for it. Miss de Wolfe is supposed to be madly enamored of a married man, who hardly even thinks of her with favor. But after a painful gulp of her pride of sex, which every woman must stomach under like circumstances, she resolves to play the persuader. In a most impassioned scene, to which the actress does adequate justice, she first cajoles, then flatters, then beseeches the man to be her lover. The interest is at white heat and the audience is just beginning to feel the necessity of a cough of embarrassment, when the wife of the man who is loved appears. Mrs. Le Moyne, on the

other hand, whom we remember so gratefully for her delightful portrayal of a witty, wicked woman of society in "The Moth and the Flame," comes forward in "Catherine" in the guise of a tender and yet reasonable mother. No greater compliment can be paid to this consummate artist than to recall the perfect enthusiasm with which she was received on the occasion of the first night. For the time the audience simply forgot that there was a star in this comedy, forgot everything and everybody except Sara Cowell Le Moyne, whom they applauded to the echo. As for the play, it has been hardly used, as a milk and watery, oozing with the cream of human kindness composite. Those poor



Falk photo

ELSIE LESLIE
as Lydia Languish in "The Rivals"



Sarony photo

MABEL, LANE

of "A Brace of Partridges" Company

Frenchmen! When they send over a play that's side-splittingly witty, we roll the whites of our eyes awe-struck and bemoan their degraded souls. When they send us a simple idyl of home life, we snap out at them that they are stupid. Somebody is in the wrong, and to be sure, there's no possibility of it being ourselves.

"The Christian" has scored a double popular success. To Viola Allen, who impersonates *Glory Quayle* has been accorded ungrudgingly the honors of a star; to Hall Caine, the honor of a dramatist. Miss Allen's long record of solid and gratifying success was sufficient to insure a generous hearing from the start. Hall Caine's books have always been widely read in this country. "The Christian" perhaps, reached a greater number of readers than any of the others. So the people were willing to see and hear his play and the actress by whom it was put forth. Like all of Caine's books, the play received the usual modicum of anti-Caine censure. But the theatre does a good business and so the author-dramatist does not chafe at the critics, whom he would rather have sneer at him than not deign to notice him. Hall Caine has never pretended to do more than write what the people will like and support. His problem is simple enough. He looks around him and finds the most absorbing, universal topic of conversation, lectures and writing. Upon this he seizes, makes the subject thoroughly his own, and then embroiders a novel around the theme. In no country except England has there been and is there a matter of greater controversy



Pach photo

JULIA ARTHUR

as Rosalind

and interest than the question of religion. On any Sunday evening in Hyde Park one can see from ten to twenty curb-orators, each surrounded by a cheering, hissing, leaden or sympathetic circle, spouting sometimes religious ardor with the intensity of a Dominick, anon belching forth blasphemies to put the witty Voltaire to the blush, were not his skinny cheeks long since mouldered into dust. Even now, there's the greatest clamor in England over the introducing of what is called "Ritualism" into Anglican ceremonies. All this Hall Caine sees, and, besides, the ever-awful Babylonian life of London. In the former he has argument, in the latter action and color. The result is "The

Christian." Zola goes to work the same way; but there, 'tis a pair hardly mentionable in the one breath! As an admission of his methods, Hall Caine is now saying that his next novel will be on the drink question, the story to be entitled, "The Drunkard." Think of the thousands fitted by Nature to star in this role.

"The Brace of Partridges," a rather amusing comedy of British life, had it not evoked much solid American laughter, would still be held in kindly remembrance for having introduced two English beauties, Mabel Lane and Jessie Bateman. The successor to "A Brace of



Sarony photo

JESSIE BATEMAN

in "A Brace of Partridges"

Partridges" is "On and Off," a farce of Parisian life from the fruitful brain of Alexandre Bisson. 'Tis the same old story of the man, his wife and the other woman. There's an artistic dexterity in handling of these stage-worn types, which makes "On and Off" a distinct farcical success; and from the fun and zest of the translation it is easy to understand why the piece in Paris is running into its second year.

Julia Arthur has opened her second starring tour with some magnificent Shakespearian productions. *Rosalind* and

Imogen are two characters in which she will challenge comparison with the long line of actresses celebrated in these rôles. Besides Miss Arthur will play a stipulated number of engagements in "A Lady of Quality," from the novel of the same name by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. Miss Arthur has talent of a very high order and wealth uncounted at her command. Thus should the American stage be the most richly honored for her qualities and her influence. If the public really does like Shakespeare let it flock then to the support of one that by birth and training is admirably disposed to interpret the immortal product of his genius.



"YOU ARE SUMMONED TO APPEAR INSTANTLY BEFORE THE COURT OF THE HOLY FEHM, NOW IN SESSION AND AWAITING YOU."--*Tales of the Rhine*--p. 505

TALES OF THE RHINE

BY

ROBERT BARR

V

THE NEEDLE DAGGER

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RUDOLPH VON SCHONBURG, Commander of the Imperial Forces at Frankfort, applied himself to the task of building up an army round his nucleus of five hundred with all the energy and enthusiasm of youth. He first put parties of trusty men at the various city gates so that he might control, at least in a measure, the human intake and output of the city. The power which possession of the gates gave him he knew to be more apparent than real, for Frankfort was a commercial city, owing its prosperity to traffic, and any material interference with the ebb or flow of travel had a depressing influence on trade. If the Archbishops meant to keep their words given to the Empress, all would be well, but of their good faith Rudolph had the gravest doubts. It would be impossible to keep secret the defeat of their lordships, when several thousands of their men lay immured in the city prison. The whole world would thus learn sooner or later that the great Princes of the Church had come to shear and had departed shorn; and this blow to their pride was one not easily forgiven by men so haughty and so powerful as the prelates of Treves, Mayence and Cologne. Young as he was, Rudolph's free life in the forest, among those little accustomed to control the raw passions of humanity, had made him somewhat a judge of character, and he had formed the belief that the Archbishop of Cologne was a gentleman, and would keep his word, that the Archbishop of Treves would have no scruple in breaking his, while the Archbishop of Mayence would follow the lead of Treves. This suspicion he imparted to the Empress Brunhilda, but she did not agree with him, believing that all three, with the Count Palatine, would hereafter save their heads by attending strictly to their

ecclesiastical business, leaving the rule of the Empire in the hands which now held it.

"Cologne will not break the pledge he has given me," she said; "of that I am sure. Mayence is too great an opportunist to follow an unsuccessful leader; and the Count Palatine is too great a coward to enter upon such a dangerous business as the deposing of an Emperor who is *my* husband. Besides, I have given the Count Palatine a post at Court which requires his constant presence in Frankfort, and so I have him in some measure a prisoner. The Electors are powerless if even one of their number is a defaulter, so what can Treves do, no matter how deeply his pride is injured, or how bitterly he thirsts for revenge? His only resource is boldly to raise the flag of rebellion and march his troops on Frankfort. He is too crafty a man to take such risk or to do anything so open. For this purpose he must set about the collection of an army secretly, while we may augment the Imperial troops in the light of day. So, unless he strikes speedily, we will have a force that will forever keep him in awe."

This seemed a reasonable view, but it only partly allayed the apprehensions of Rudolph. He had caught more than one fierce look of hatred directed toward him by the Archbishop of Treves, since the meeting in the Wahlzimmer, and the regard of his Lordship of Mayence had been anything but benign. These two dignitaries had left Frankfort together, their way lying for some distance in the same direction. Rudolph liberated their officers, and thus the two potentates had scant escort to their respective cities. Their men he refused to release, which refusal both Treves and Mayence accepted with bad grace, saying the withholding cast an aspersion on their honor. This example was

not followed by the suave Archbishop of Cologne, who departed some days after his colleagues. He laughed when Rudolph informed him that his troops would remain in Frankfort, and said he would be at the less expense in his journey down the Rhine, as his men were gross feeders.

Being thus quit of the three Archbishops, the question was what to do with their three thousand men. It was finally resolved to release them by detachments, drafting into the Imperial army such as were willing so to serve and take a special oath of allegiance to the Emperor, allowing those who declined to enlist to depart from the city in whatever direction pleased them, so that they went away in small parties. It was found, however, that the men cared little for whom they fought, providing the pay was good and reasonably well assured. Thus the Imperial army received many recruits and the country round Frankfort few vagrants.

The departed Archbishops made no sign, the Count Palatine seemed engrossed with his duties about the Court, the army increased daily and life went on so smoothly that Rudolph began to cease all questioning of the future, coming at last to believe that the Empress was right in her estimate of the situation. He was in this pleasing state of mind when an incident occurred which would have caused him greater anxiety than it did had he been better acquainted with the governing forces of his country. On arising one morning he found on the table of his room a parchment, held in place by a long thin dagger of peculiar construction. His first attention was given to the weapon and not to the scroll. The blade was extremely thin and sharp at the point, and seemed at first sight to be so exceeding frail as to be of little service in actual combat, but a closer examination proved that it was practically unbreakable, and of a temper so fine that nothing made an impression on its keen edge. Held at certain angles, the thin blade seemed to disappear altogether and leave the empty hilt in the hand. The hilt had been treated as if it were a crucifix, and in slightly raised relief there was a figure of Christ, His outstretched arms extending along the transverse guard. On the opposite side of the handle were the sunken letters "S. S. G. G."

Rudolph fingered this dainty piece of mechanism curiously, wondering where it

was made. He guessed Milan as the place of its origin, knowing enough of cutlery to admire the skill and knowledge of metallurgy that had gone to its construction, and convinced as he laid it down that it was foreign. He was well aware that no smith in Germany could fashion a lancet so exquisitely tempered. He then turned his attention to the document which had been fastened to the table by this needle-like stiletto. At the top of the parchment were the same letters that had been cut in the handle of the dagger.

S. S. G. G.

First warning. Wear this dagger thrust into your doublet over the heart, and follow him who accosts you, fearing nothing if your heart be true and loyal. In strict silence safety lies.

Rudolph laughed.

"It is some lover's nonsense of Thekla's," he said to himself. "If your heart be true and loyal," that is a woman's phrase and nothing else."

Calling his wife, he held out the weapon to her and said:

"Where did you get this, Thekla? I would be glad to know who your armorer is, for I should dearly love to provide my men with weapons of such temper."

Thekla looked alternately at the dagger and at her husband, bewildered.

"I never saw it before, nor anything like it," she replied. "Where did you find it? It is so frail it must be for ornament merely."

"Its frailness is deceptive. It is a most wonderful instrument, and I should like to know where it comes from. I thought you had bought it from some armorer and intended me to wear it as a badge of my office. Perhaps it was sent by the Empress. The word 'loyalty' seems to indicate that, though how it got into this room and on this table unknown to me is a mystery."

Thekla shook her head as she studied the weapon and the message critically.

"Her Majesty is more direct than this would indicate. If she had aught to say to you she would say it without ambiguity. Do you intend to wear the dagger as the scroll commands?"

"If I thought it came from the Empress I would, not otherwise."

"You may be assured some one else has sent it. Perhaps it is intended for me," and saying this Thekla thrust the blade

of the dagger through the thick coil of her hair and turned coquettishly so that her husband might judge of the effect.

"Are you ambitious to set a new fashion to the Court, Thelka?" asked Rudolph, smiling.

"No; I shall not wear it in public, but I will keep the dagger if I may."

Thus the incident passed, and Rudolph gave no more thought to the mysterious warning. His duties gave him little time for meditation during the day, but as he returned at night from the barracks his mind reverted once more to the dagger, and he wondered how it came without his knowledge into his private room. His latent suspicion of the Archbishops became aroused again, and he pondered on the possibility of an emissary of theirs placing the document on his table. He had given strict instructions that if any one supposed to be an agent of their lordships presented himself at the gates he was to be permitted to enter the city without hindrance, but instant knowledge of such advent was to be sent to the Commander, which reminded him that he had not seen Gottlieb that day, this able lieutenant having general charge of all the gates. So he resolved to return to the barracks and question his underling regarding the recent admittances. Acting instantly on this determination, he turned quickly and saw before him a man whom he thought he recognized by his outline in the darkness as von Brent, one of the officers of Treves whom he had released, and who had accompanied the Archbishop on his return to that city. The figure, however, gave him no time for a closer inspection, and, although evidently taken by surprise, reversed his direction, making off with speed down the street. Rudolph, plucking sword from scabbard, pursued no less fleetly. The scanty lighting of the city thoroughfares gave advantage to the fugitive, but Rudolph's knowledge of the town was now astonishingly intimate, considering the short time he had been a resident, and his woodlore, applied to the maze of tortuous narrow alleys made him a hunter not easily baffled. He saw the flutter of a cloak as its wearer turned down a narrow lane, and a rapid mental picture of the labyrinth illuminating his mind, Rudolph took a dozen long strides to a corner and there stood waiting. A few moments later a panting man with cloak streaming be-

hind him came near to transfixing himself on the point of the Commander's sword. The runner pulled himself up with a gasp and stood breathless and speechless.

"I tender you good-evening, sir," said Rudolph, civilly, "and were I not sure of your friendliness, I should take it that you were trying to avoid giving me salutation."

"I did not recognize you, my lord, in the darkness."

The man breathed heavily, which might have been accounted for by his unaccustomed exertion.

"'Tis strange, then, that I should have recognized you, turning unexpectedly as I did, while you seemingly had me in your eye for some time before."

"Indeed, my lord, and that I had not. I but just emerged from this crooked lane, and seeing you turn so suddenly, feared molestation, and so took to my heels, which a warrior should be shamed to confess, but I had no wish to be embroiled in a street brawl."

"Your caution does you credit, and should commend you to so peacefully-minded a master as his lordship of Treves, who, I sincerely trust, arrived safely in his ancient city."

"He did, my lord."

"I am deeply gratified to hear it, and putting my knowledge of his lordship's methods in conjunction with your evident desire for secrecy, I should be loath to inquire into the nature of the mission that brings you to the capital so soon after your departure from it."

"Well, my lord," said von Brent, with an attempt at a laugh, "I must admit that it was my purpose to visit Frankfort with as little publicity as possible. You are mistaken, however, in surmising that I am entrusted with any commands from my lord, the Archbishop, who, at this moment, is devoting himself with energy to his ecclesiastical duties and therefore has small need for a soldier. This being the case, I sought and obtained leave of absence, and came to Frankfort on private affairs of my own. To speak truth, as between one young man and another, not to be further gossiped about, while stationed here some days ago, I became acquainted with a girl whom I dearly wish to meet again, and this traffic, as you know, yearns not for either bray of trumpet or rattle of drum."

"The gentle power of love," said Rudolph in his most affable tone, "is a force few of us can resist. Indeed, I am myself not unacquainted with its strength, and I must further congratulate you on your celerity of conquest, for you came to Frankfort in the morning, and were my guest in the fortress in the evening, so you certainly made good use of the brief interval. By what gate did you enter Frankfort?"

"By the western gate, my lord."

"This morning?"

"No, my lord. I entered but a short time since, just before the gates were closed for the night."

"Ah! that accounts for my hearing no report of your arrival, for it is my wish, when distinguished visitors honor us with their presence, that I may be able to offer them every courtesy."

Von Brent laughed, this time with a more genuine ring to his mirth.

"Seeing that your previous hospitality included lodging in the city prison, my lord, as you, a moment ago reminded me, you can scarcely be surprised that I had no desire to invite a repetition of such courtesy, if you will pardon the frank speaking of a soldier."

"Most assuredly. And to meet frankness with its like, I may add that the city prison still stands intact. But I must no longer delay an impatient lover, and so, as I began, I give you a very good-evening, sir."

Von Brent returned the salutation, bowing low, and Rudolph watched him retrace his steps and disappear in the darkness. The Commander, returning his blade to its scabbard, sought Gottlieb at the barracks.

"Do you remember von Brent, of Treves' staff?"

"That hangdog-looking officer? Yes, master. I had the pleasure of knocking him down in the Cathedral before pinioning him."

"He is in Frankfort to-night, and said he entered by the western gate just before it was closed."

"Then he is a liar," commented Gottlieb, with his usual bluntness.

"Such I strongly suspect him to be. Nevertheless, here he is, and the question I wish answered is, how did he get in?"

"He must have come over the wall, which can hardly be prevented, if an in-

comer has a friend who will throw him a rope."

"It may be prevented if the walls are efficiently patrolled. See instantly to that, Gottlieb, and set none but our own woodlanders on watch."

Several days passed, and Rudolph kept a sharp lookout for von Brent, or any other of the Archbishop's men, but he saw none such, nor could he learn that the lieutenant had left the city. He came almost to believe that the officer had spoken the truth, when distrust again assailed him on finding in the barracks a second document almost identical with the first, except that it contained the words, "Second warning," and the dirk had been driven half its length into the lid of the desk. At first he thought it was the same parchment and dagger, but the different wording showed him that at least the former was not the same. He called Gottlieb, and demanded to know who had been allowed to pass the guards and enter that room. The honest warrior was dismayed to find that such a thing could have happened, and although he was unable to read the lettering, he turned the missive over and over in his hand as if he expected close scrutiny to unravel the skin. He then departed and questioned the guards closely, but was assured that no one had entered except the Commander.

"I cannot fathom it," he said on returning to his master, "and, to tell truth, I wish we were well back in the forest again, for I like not this mysterious city and its ways. We have kept this town as close sealed as a wine butt, yet I dare swear that I have caught glimpses of the Archbishop's men, flitting here and there like bats as soon as darkness gathers. I have tried to catch one or two of them to make sure, but I seem to have lost all speed of foot on these slippery stones, and those I follow disappear as if the earth swallowed them."

"Have you seen von Brent since I spoke to you about him?"

"I thought so, Master Rudolph, but I am like a man dazed in the mazes of an evil dream, who can be certain of nothing. I am afraid of no man who will stand boldly up to me, sword in hand, with a fair light on both of us, but this chasing of shadows with nothing for a pike to pierce makes a coward of me."

"Well, the next shadow that follows

me will get my blade in its vitals, for I think my foot is lighter than yours, Gottlieb. There is no shadow in this town that is not cast by a substance, and that substance can feel a sword thrust if one can but get within striking distance. Keep strict watch and we will make a discovery before long, never fear. Do you think the men we have enlisted from the Archbishop's company are trying to play tricks with us? Are they to be trusted?"

"Oh, they are stout rascals with not enough brains among them all to plan this dagger and parchment business, giving little thought to anything beyond eating and drinking, and having no skill of lettering."

"Then we must look elsewhere for the explanation. It may be that your elusive shadows will furnish a clue."

On reaching his own house Rudolph said carelessly to his wife, whom he did not wish to alarm unnecessarily:

"Have you still in your possession that dagger which I found on my table?"

"Yes, it is here. Have you found an owner for it or learned how it came there?"

"No. I merely wished to look at it again."

She gave it to him, and he saw at once that it was a duplicate of the one he had hidden under his doublet. The mystery was as far from solution as ever, and the closest examination of the weapon gave no hint pertaining to the purport of the message. Yet it is probable that Rudolph was the only noble in the German Empire who was ignorant of the significance of the four letters, and doubtless the senders were amazed at his temerity in nonchalantly ignoring the repeated warnings, which would have brought pallor to the cheeks of the highest in the land. Rudolph had been always so dependent on the advice of Gottlieb that it never occurred to him to seek explanation from any one else, yet in this instance Gottlieb, from the same cause of woodland training, was as ignorant as his master.

It is possible that the two warnings might have made a greater impression on the mind of the young man were it not that he was troubled about his own status in the Empire. There had been much envy in the Court at the elevation of a young man practically unknown, to the position of commander-in-chief of the German army, and high officials had gone

so far as to protest against what they said was regarded as a piece of unaccountable favoritism. The Empress, however, was firm, and for a time comment seemed to cease, but it was well known that Rudolph had no real standing, unless his appointment was confirmed by the Emperor, and his commission made legal by the royal signature. It became known, or, at least, was rumored that twice the Empress had sent this document to her husband and twice it had been returned unsigned. The Emperor went so far as to refuse to see his wife, declining to have any discussion about the matter, and Rudolph well knew that every step he took in the fulfillment of his office was an illegal step, and if a hint of this got to the ears of the Archbishops they would be more than justified in calling him to account, for every act he performed relating to the army after he knew that his monarch had refused to sanction his nomination was an act of rebellion and usurpation punishable by death. The Empress was well aware of the jeopardy in which he stood, but implored him not to give up the position, although helpless to make his appointment regular. She hoped her husband's religious fervor would abate and that he would deign to bestow some attention to earthly things, allowing himself to be persuaded of the necessity of keeping up a standing army, commanded by one entirely faithful to him. Rudolph himself often doubted the wisdom of his interference, which had allowed the throne to be held by a man who so neglected all its duties that intrigues and unrest were honeycombing the whole fabric of society, beginning at the top and working its way down until now even the merchants were in a state of uncertainty, losing faith in the stability of the government. The determined attitude of Rudolph, the general knowledge that he came from a family of fighters, and the wholesome fear of the wild outlaws under his command, did more than anything else to keep down open rebellion in Court and to make the position of the Empress possible. It was believed that Rudolph would have little hesitation in obliterating half the nobility of the Court, or the whole of it for that matter, if but reasonable excuse were given him for doing so, and every one was certain that his cut-throats, as they were called, would obey any command he liked to

give and delight in whatever slaughter ensued. The Commander held aloof from the Court, although through his office he had a room in the palace which no one but the monarch and the chief officer of the army might enter, yet he rarely occupied this apartment, using, instead, the suite at the barracks.

Some days after the second episode of the dagger he received a summons from the Empress commanding his instant presence at the Palace. On arriving at the Court, he found Brunhilda attended by a group of nobles, who fell back as the young Commander approached. The Empress smiled as he bent his knee and kissed her hand, but Rudolph saw by the anxiety in her eye that something untoward had happened, guessing that his commission had returned for the third time unsigned from the Emperor, and being correct in his surmise.

"Await me in the Administration Room of the Army," said the Empress. "I will see you presently. You have somewhat neglected that room of late, my lord."

"I found I could more adequately fulfill your Majesty's command and keep in closer touch with the army by occupying my apartments at the barracks."

"I trust, then, that you will have a good report to present to me regarding the progress of my soldiers," replied the Empress, dismissing him with a slight inclination of her head.

Rudolph left the audience chamber and proceeded along the corridor with which his room was connected. The soldier at the entrance saluted him, and Rudolph entered the Administration Chamber. It was a large room and in the centre of it stood a large table. After closing the door Rudolph paused in his advance, for there in the centre of the table, buried to its very hilt through the planks, was a duplicate of the dagger he had concealed inside his doublet. It required some exertion of Rudolph's great strength before he dislodged the weapon from the timber into which it had been so fiercely driven. The scroll it affixed differed from each of the other two. It began with the words, "Final warning," and ended with "To Rudolph of Schonburg, so-called Commander of the Imperial forces," as if from a desire on the part of the writer that there should be no mistake regarding the purport of the missive. The young

man placed the knife on the parchment and stood looking at them both until the Empress was announced. He strode forward to meet her and conducted her to a chair, where she seated herself, he remaining on his feet.

"I am in deep trouble," she began, "the commission authorizing you to command the Imperial troops has been returned for the third time unsigned; not only that, but the act authorizing the reconstruction of the army, comes back also without the emperor's signature."

Rudolph remained silent, for he well knew that the weakness of their position was the conduct of the Emperor, and this was an evil which he did not know how to remedy.

"When he returned both documents the first time," continued the empress, "I sent to him a request for an interview that I might explain the urgency and necessity of the matter. This request was refused, and although I know of course that my husband might perhaps be called eccentric, still he had never before forbade my presence. This aroused my suspicion."

"Suspicion of what, your majesty?" inquired Rudolph.

"My suspicion that the messages I sent him have been intercepted."

"Who would dare do such a thing, your majesty?" cried Rudolph in amazement.

"Where large stakes are played for, large risks must be taken," went on the lady. "I said nothing at the time, but yesterday I sent to him two acts which he himself had previously sanctioned, but had never carried out; these were returned to me to-day unsigned, and now I fear one of three things. The emperor is ill, is a prisoner, or is dead."

"If it is your majesty's wish," said Rudolph, "I will put myself at the head of a body of men, surround the cathedral, search the cloisters, and speedily ascertain whether the emperor is there or no."

"I have thought of such action," declared the empress, "but I dislike to take it. It would bring me in conflict with the church, and then there is always the chance that the emperor is indeed there, and that, of his own free will, he refuses to sign the documents I have sent to him. In that case what excuse could we give for our interference? It might precipitate the very crisis we are so anxious to avoid."

The empress had been sitting by the

table with her arm resting upon it, her fingers toying unconsciously with the knife while she spoke, and now as her remarks reached their conclusion her eyes fell upon its hilt and slender blade. With an exclamation almost resembling a scream the empress sprang to her feet and allowed the dagger to fall clattering on the floor.

"Where did that come from?" she cried. "Is it intended for me?" and she shook her trembling hands as if they had touched a poisonous scorpion.

"Where it comes from I do not know, but it is not intended for your majesty, as this scroll will inform you."

Brunhilda took the parchment he offered and held it at arm's length from her, reading its few words with dilated eyes, and Rudolph was amazed to see in them the fear which they failed to show when she faced the three powerful archbishops. Finally the scroll fluttered from her nerveless fingers to the floor and the empress sank back in her chair.

"You have received two other warnings then?" she said in a low voice.

"Yes, your majesty. What is their meaning?"

"They are the death warrants of the Fehmgerichte, a dread and secret tribunal before which even emperors quail. If you obey this mandate you will never be seen on earth again; if you disobey you will be secretly assassinated by one of these daggers, for after ignoring the third warning a hundred thousand such blades are lying in wait for your heart, and ultimately one of them will reach it, no matter in what quarter of Germany you hide yourself."

"And who are the members of this mysterious association, your majesty?"

"That, you can tell as well as I, better perhaps, for you may be a member while I cannot be. Perhaps the soldier outside this door belongs to the Fehmgerichte, or your own Chamberlain, or perhaps your most devoted lieutenant, the lusty Gottlieb."

"That, your majesty, I'll swear he is not, for he was as amazed as I when he saw the dagger at the barracks."

Brunhilda shook her head.

"You cannot judge from pretended ignorance," she said, "because a member is sworn to keep all secrets of the holy Fehm from wife and child, father and mother, sister and brother, fire and wind;

from all that the sun shines on and the rain wets, and from every being between heaven and earth."

Rudolph found himself wondering how his informant knew so much about the secret court if all those rules were strictly kept, but he naturally shrank from any inquiry regarding the source of her knowledge. Nevertheless her next reply gave him an inkling of the truth.

"Who is the head of this tribunal?" he asked.

"The emperor is the nominal head, but my husband never approved of the Fehmgerichte; originally organized to redress the wrongs of tyranny, it has become a gigantic instrument of oppression. The archbishop of Cologne is the actual president of the order, not in his capacity as an elector, nor as archbishop, but because he is Duke of Westphalia, where this tragic court had its origin."

"Your majesty imagines then, that this summons comes from the archbishop of Cologne?"

"Oh, no. I doubt if he has any knowledge of it. Each district has a freigraf, or presiding judge, assisted by seven assessors, or freischoffen, who sit in so called judgment with him, but literally they merely record the sentence, for condemnation is a foregone conclusion."

"Is the sentence always death?"

"Always, at this secret tribunal; a sentence of death immediately carried out. In the open Fehm court, banishment, prison, or other penalty may be inflicted, but you are summoned to appear before the secret tribunal."

"Does your majesty know the meaning of these cabalistic letters on the dagger's hilt and on the parchment?"

"The letters 'S. S. G. G.' stand for Strick, Stein, Gras, Grein: Strick meaning, it is said, the rope which hangs you; Stein, the stone at the head of your grave, and Gras, Grein, the green grass covering it."

"Well, your majesty," said Rudolph, picking up the parchment from the floor and tearing it in small pieces, "if I have to choose between the rope and the dagger, I freely give my preference to the latter. I shall not attend this secret conclave, and if any of its members think to strike a dagger through my heart, he will have to come within the radius of my sword to do so."

"God watch over you," said the em-

press fervently, "for this is a case in which the protection of an earthly throne is of little avail. And remember, Lord Rudolph, trust not even your most intimate friend within arm's length of you. The only persons who may not become members of this dread order are a Jew, an outlaw, an infidel, a woman, a servant, a priest, or a person excommunicated."

Rudolph escorted the empress to the door of the red room, and there took leave of her; he being unable to suggest anything that might assuage her anxiety regarding her husband, she being unable to protect him from the new danger that threatened. Rudolph was as brave as any man need be, and in a fair fight was content to take whatever odds came, but now he was confronted by a subtle invisible peril, against which ordinary courage was futile. An unaccustomed shiver chilled him as the palace sentinel, in the gathering gloom of the corridor, raised his hand swiftly to his helmet in salute. He passed slowly down the steps of the palace into the almost deserted square in front of it, for the citizens of Frankfort found it expedient to get early indoors when darkness fell. The young man found himself glancing furtively from right to left, starting at every shadow and scrutinizing every passerby who was innocently hurrying to his own home. The name "Fehmgerichte" kept repeating itself in his brain like an incantation. He took the middle of the square and hesitated when he came to the narrow street down which his way lay. At the street corner he paused, laid his hand on the hilt of his sword and drew a deep breath.

"Is it possible," he muttered to himself, "that I am afraid? Am I at heart a coward? By the cross which is my protection," he cried, "if they wish to try their poniarding, they shall have an opportunity!"

And drawing his sword he plunged into the dark and narrow street, his footsteps ringing defiantly in the silence on the stone beneath him as he strode resolutely along. He passed rapidly through the city until he came to the northern gate. Here accosting his warders and being assured that all was well, he took the street which, bending like a bow, followed the wall until it came to the river. Once or twice he stopped thinking himself followed, but the darkness was now

so impenetrable that even if a pursuer had been behind him he was safe from detection if he kept step with his victim and paused when he did. The street widened as it approached the river, and Rudolph became convinced that some one was treading in his footsteps. Claspings his sword hilt more firmly in his hand he wheeled about with unexpectedness that evidently took his follower by surprise, for he dashed across the street and sped fleetly towards the river. The glimpse Rudolph got of him in the open space between the houses made him sure that he was once more on the track of von Brendt, the emissary of Treves. The tables were now turned, the pursuer being the pursued, and Rudolph set his teeth, resolved to put a sudden end to this continued espionage. Von Brendt evidently remembered his former interception, and now kept a straight course. Trusting to the swiftness of his heels, he uttered no cry, but directed all his energies toward flight, and Rudolph, equally silent, followed as rapidly.

Coming to the river, von Brendt turned to the east, keeping in the middle of the thoroughfare. On the left hand side was a row of houses, on the right flowed the rapid Main. Some hundreds of yards further up there were houses on both sides of the street, and as the water of the river flowed against the walls of the houses to the right, Rudolph knew there could be no escape that way. Surmising that his victim kept the middle of the street in order to baffle the man at his heels, puzzling him as to which direction the fugitive intended to bolt, Rudolph, not to be deluded by such a device, ran close to the houses on the left, knowing that if von Brendt turned to the right he would be speedily stopped by the Main. The race promised to reach a sudden conclusion, for Rudolph was perceptibly gaining on his adversary, when coming to the first house by the river the latter swerved suddenly, jumped to a door, pushed it open and was inside in the twinkling of an eye, but only barely in time to miss the sword thrust that followed him. Quick as thought Rudolph placed his foot in such a position that the door could not be closed. Then setting his shoulder to the panels, he forced it open in spite of the resistance behind it. Opposition thus overborne by superior strength, Rudolph heard the clatter of

Von Brent's footsteps down the dark passage, and next instant the door was closed with a bang, and it seemed to the young man that the house had collapsed upon him. He heard his sword snap and felt it break beneath him, and he was gagged and bound before he could raise a hand to help himself. Then when it was too late, he realized that he had allowed the heat and fervor of pursuit to overwhelm his judgment, and had jumped straight into the trap prepared for him. Von Brent returned with a lantern in his hand and a smile on his face, breathing quickly after his exertions. Rudolph, huddled in a corner, saw a dozen stalwart ruffians grouped around him, most of them masked, but two or three with faces bare, their coverings having come off in the struggle. These slipped quickly out of sight, behind the others, as if not wishing to give clue for future recognition.

"Well, my lord," said von Brent, smiling, "you see that gagging and binding is a game that two may play at."

There was no reply to this, first, because Rudolph was temporarily in a speechless condition, and, second, because the proposition was not one to be contradicted.

"Take him to the Commitment Room," commanded von Brent.

Four of the onlookers lifted Rudolph and carried him down a long stairway, across a landing and to the foot of a second flight of steps, where he was thrown into a dark cell, the dimensions of which he could not estimate. When the door was closed the prisoner lay with his head leaning against it, and for a time the silence was intense. By and by he found that by turning his head so that his ear was placed against the panel of the door, he heard distinctly the footfalls outside, and even a shuffling sound near him, which seemed to indicate that a man was on guard at the other side of the oak. Presently some one approached, and in spite of the low tones used, Rudolph not only heard what was being said, but recognized the voice of von Brent, who evidently was his jailer.

"You have him safely then?"

"Gagged and bound, my lord."

"Is he disarmed?"

"His sword was broken under him, my lord, when we fell upon him."

"Very well. Remove the gag and place

him with No. 13. Bar them in and listen to their conversation. I think they have never met, but I want to be sure of it."

"Is there not a chance that No. 13 may make himself known, my lord?"

"No matter if he does. In fact, it is my object to have No. 13 and No. 14 known to each other, and yet be not aware that we have suspicion of their knowledge."

When the door of the cell was opened four guards came in. It was evident they were not going to allow Rudolph any chance to escape, and were prepared to overpower him should he attempt flight or resistance. The gag was taken from his mouth and the thongs which bound his legs were untied, and thus he was permitted to stand on his feet. Once outside his cell he saw that the subterranean region in which he found himself was of vast extent, resembling the crypt of a cathedral, the low roof being supported by pillars of tremendous circumference. From the direction in which he had been carried from the foot of the stairs he surmised, and quite accurately, that this cavern was under the bed of the river. Those who escorted him and those whom he met were masked. No torches illuminated the gloom of this supulchral hall, but each individual carried, attached in some way to his belt, a small horn lantern, which gave for a little space around a dim uncertain light, casting weird shadows against the pillars of the cavern. Once or twice they met a man clothed in an apparently seamless cloak of black cloth, that covered the head and extended to the feet. Two holes in front of the face allowed a momentary glimpse of a pair of flashing eyes as the yellow light from the lanterns smote them. These grim figures were presumably persons of importance, for the guards stopped, as each one approached, and saluted, not going forward until he had silently passed them. When finally the door of the cell they sought for was reached the guards drew back the bolts, threw it open, and pushed Rudolph into the apartment that had been designated for him. Before closing the door, however, one of the guards placed a lantern on the floor so that the occupants and fellow prisoners might have a chance of seeing each other. Rudolph beheld, seated on a pallet of straw, a man well past middle age, his face smooth shaven and of serious cast, yet having, nevertheless, a trace of irresolution in his

weak chin. His costume was that of a mendicant monk, and his face seemed indicative of the severity of monastic rule. There was, however, a serenity of courage in his eye which seemed to betoken that he was a man ready to die for his opinions, if once his wavering chin allowed him to form them. Rudolph remembering that priests were not allowed to join the order of the *Fehmgerichte* reflected that here was a man who probably, from his fearless denunciations of the order, had brought down upon himself the hatred of the secret tribunal, whose only penalty was that of death. The older man was the first to speak.

"So you also are a victim of the *Fehmgerichte*?"

"I have for some minutes suspected as much," replied von Schonburg.

"Were you arrested and brought here, or did you come here willingly?"

"Oh, I came here willingly enough. I ran half a league in my eagerness to reach this spot and fairly jumped into it," replied Rudolph, with a bitter laugh.

"You were in such haste to reach this spot?" said the old man, sombrely, "what is your crime?"

"That I do not know, but I shall probably soon learn when I come before the court."

"Are you a member of the order, then?"

"No, I am not."

"In that case, it will require the oaths of twenty-one members to clear you, therefore, if you have not that many friends in the order I look upon you as doomed."

"Thank you. That is as God wills."

"Assuredly, assuredly. We are all in his hands," and the good man devoutly crossed himself.

"I have answered your questions," said Rudolph, "answer you some of mine. Who are you?"

"I am a seeker after light."

"Well, there it is," said Rudolph touching the lantern with his foot as he paced up and down the limits of the cell.

"Earthly light is but dim at best, it is the light of Heaven I search after."

"Well, I hope you may be successful in finding it. I know of no place where it is needed so much as here."

"You speak like a scoffer. I thought from what you said of God's will, that you were a religious man."

"I am a religious man, I hope, and I

regret if my words seem lightly spoken."

"What action of man, think you then, is most pleasing to God?"

"That is a question which you, to judge by your garb, are more able to answer than I."

"Nay, nay, I want your opinion."

"Then in my opinion, the man most pleasing to God is he who does his duty here on earth."

"Ah! right, quite right," cried the older man, eagerly. "But there lies the whole question. What *is* duty; that is what I have spent my life trying to learn."

"Then at a venture I should say your life has been a useless one. Duty is as plain as the lighted lantern there before us. If you are a priest, fulfill your priestly office well; comfort the sick, console the dying, bury the dead. Tell your flock not to speculate too much on duty, but to try and accomplish the work in hand."

"But I am not a priest," faltered the other, rising slowly to his feet.

"Then if you are a soldier, strike hard for your King. Kill the man immediately before you, and if, instead, he kills you, be assured that the Lord will look after your soul when it leaves through the rent thus made in your body."

"There is a ring of truth in that, but it sounds worldly. How can we tell that such action is pleasing to God? May it not be better to depend entirely on the Lord and let him strike your blows for you?"

"Never! What does he give you arms for but to protect your own head, and what does he give you swift limbs for if not to take your body out of reach when you are threatened with being over-matched? God must despise such a man as you speak of, and rightly so. I am myself a commander of soldiers, and if I had a lieutenant who trusted all to me and refused to strike a sturdy blow on his own behalf I should tear his badge from him and have him scourged from out the ranks."

"But may we not by misdirected efforts thwart the will of God?"

"Oh! the depths of human vanity! Thwart the will of God? What, a puny worm like you? You amaze me, sir, with your conceit, and I lose the respect for you which at first was engendered in my mind. Do your work manfully, and flatter not yourself that your most strenuous efforts are able to cross the design of the

Lord. My own poor belief is that he has patience with any but a coward and a loiterer."

The elder prisoner staggered into the centre of the room and raised his hands above his head.

"Oh, Lord, have mercy upon me," he cried. "Thou who hast brought light to me in this foul dungeon which was refused to me in the radiance of Thy Cathedral. Have mercy on me, oh, Lord, the meanest of Thy servants—a craven Emperor."

"The Emperor!" gasped Rudolph, the

more amazed because he had his majesty in his mind when he spoke so bitterly of neglected duty, unconsciously blaming his sovereign rather than his own rashness for the extreme predicament in which he found himself.

Before either could again speak the door suddenly opened wide, and a deep voice solemnly enunciated the words:

"Rudolph of Schonburg, pretended Commander of His Majesty's forces, you are summoned to appear instantly before the court of the Holy Fehm, now in session and awaiting you."

(No. VI of "The Tales of the Rhine," will be published in the January issue)

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

BY

RALPH GRAHAM TABER

There was a Christmas long ago
When Heaven was young;
When its wide portals were aglow
With songs unsung.

When no Archangel, with a sword
Of flame to guard
The Habitation of the Lord,
The entrance barred.

The Empyrean then alone
A Presence knew,
And all without the inner throne
Was empty blue;

And nothing was, and naught had been
That was to be,
Save the one Will, that knew, within,
A thought of Three.

This was the mystery that wrought
The Saving One,
For from the Infinite of Thought
There came a Son,

And, with the Son, a Spirit Blest:
A Trinity
Omnipotent to manifest
Divinity.

ON BOOKS AS CHRISTMAS GIFTS

BY

JOHN D. BARRY

WHAT shall I buy for Christmas presents?" At this season of the year this question faces nearly every one. It is the occasion of a great deal of unnecessary bewilderment and worry, simply because many people do not devote to the selection a little judicious thought. We make presents, of course, to give pleasure, and we want to give as much pleasure as possible. So, in choosing our gifts, we ought to consider the interests and the tastes of those who are to receive them. Now, I am going to discuss one kind of gift only, but a kind that has an almost universal interest, for, as Christmas presents, books please nearly every one. A full set of any of the standard novelists is always a desirable, if costly, present.

Since the war ended, the presses of this country have simply poured novels. It has been impossible to keep up with them. I doubt if anyone could keep up with them even by devoting to them his whole time. So, in writing this article, I cannot pretend to speak authoritatively about all the recent books. I shall merely try to suggest some of the authors who are well known and whose works please so large a number of people that they are pretty sure to make welcome gifts.

The first name that comes to my mind is Rudyard Kipling. I suppose that, like myself, a great many readers of this magazine have been enjoying Kipling's latest volume, "The Day's Work." In my judgment it ranks among the most interesting collection of short stories published in English in many a year. It is, moreover, an absolutely safe Christmas present, for though I have heard of people who disliked Kipling, I have never encountered one of them, and I have not as yet been convinced of their existence. It is in this collection that Kipling's wonderful story "The Ship That Found Herself" appears, as well as his story, "007," one of the best railroad tales ever written, and his weird narrative of "The Brushwood Boy," which some of his admirers place among the best things he

has ever done. But all the stories in the collection are interesting, and they give expression to several phases of the author's extraordinary talent.

Another great writer of fiction much read just now is the author of "Quo Vadis." Many people know Sienkiewicz by this work only; so they are just in the state of mind to enjoy the fine edition of his other novels, brought out this autumn. These include "With Fire and Sword," "The Deluge," and "Pan Michael," all of them strong stories and accurate studies of life, and evidently the work of a man who has had profound experience. Sienkiewicz is fortunate in his translator, Mr. Jeremiah Curtin, who has converted the original Polish into clear and idiomatic English. The author himself knows English, though he never writes it for publication, for he once lived in this country as a member of the little Polish community that settled in California a number of years ago.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford, the ever-fruitful, has a new offering for the holidays. Besides being able to tell a rattling story, he has a faculty for making his local color wonderfully distinct. This is why admirers of his works declare that through his Italian stories he had given them an acquaintance with Rome that they never could have acquired from any other author. He is at his best on Italian soil, for in Italy he has passed most of his life and he has an intimate knowledge of the country and the people. In his latest book, "Ave Roma Immortalis," he gives us a historical resumé of the Eternal City. It is odd that Italy should find in a writer of American origin one of the most vivid delineators of its life. Most countries produce their own historians. It would be difficult, for example, to think of the writings on Scotch life anything but Scotch. Indeed, Ian Maclaren is so absolutely Scotch that his pages are saturated with Scotch feeling. But in his new book "Afterwards, and Other Stories," he has suddenly turned to new fields and tells of Eng-

lish life. Two other popular Scotch writers are out with new novels: In "The Red Axe," Mr. S. R. Crockett has chosen the sixteenth century, with Pomerania as the scene for a series of blood-stirring adventures; Mr. William Black, on the other hand, chooses the present time and the Scotland of to-day. The new Scotch writers seem to have thrown Black somewhat into the background, but a new story of his is always sure of finding a welcome. Mr. J. M. Barrie is not represented by a fresh book this season; when he is not counting the enormous royalties he receives from his dramatization of "The Little Minister," which are said to average about \$2,000 a week, he is working hard on the sequel to "Sentimental Tommy."

The leaders of English fiction, Thomas Hardy and George Meredith, are silent, too, but a prominent publishing house is bringing out a new and beautiful edition of Meredith's works that ought to be in the possession of everyone who cares for great literature even when its greatness is obscured by strange affectations of style. Those of us who have been able to endure Meredith's affectations feel repaid for our forbearance, and I myself would not give up my memory of "The Ordeal of Richard Ferval," "Sandra Belloni," "Evan Harrington" and other masterpieces by the same hand. Stevenson used to read "The Egoist" once every year, and other contemporary novelists of distinction have testified to their love for Meredith's work. And right here I ought to mention the beautiful new edition of Thackeray that began to appear several months ago, edited with interesting comments by Thackeray's daughter, Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie. A half-dozen volumes or more have already been published, and every line of Thackeray's worth preserving will be included in the set. Even for those who have other editions of Thackeray, this ought to make a most desirable Christmas present. Among the popular English romanticists, Stanley Weyman is represented with a new book, "The Castle Inn." Mr. Weyman may justly be considered the father of the new romance, though he hardly deserves to rank, as some of his followers believe, as the worthy successor of the elder Dumas. He has a charming style and a gift for plot, and many writers have paid him the compliment of imitating him. I

doubt, however, if his popularity is as great as it was three or four years ago. A comparatively new writer whose novels have had an extensive popularity in recent years is Miss Jane Barlow. Miss Barlow writes wholly of Irish life, which she knows thoroughly as she is herself an Irish woman. Her new book is entitled "A Creel of Irish Stories," and it presents some amusing and delightful studies in Irish character. I suppose that, having won his first fame in England, Mr. Gilbert Parker may be included among the English writers, too, though he is of Canadian birth, and though he married an American girl and lives a portion of each year in New York. A half dozen years ago Mr. Parker was almost unknown here; now he has a large number of readers. His latest novel, "The Battle of the Strong," after running serially in the *Atlantic Monthly*, has been brought out in book form and bids fair to be one of the most successful novels of the season. Mr. Parker nearly always has a good plot, and he develops it in a way that keeps the interest sustained. Another writer of Canadian birth, who is decidedly in the popular favor, is Professor Charles G. D. Roberts, the novelist and poet. Professor Roberts is a loyal subject of the Queen, but he is also a good American in the sense that he passes most of his time in New York, where he has plenty of devoted friends, and where he turns out an astonishing amount of good work. About two years ago he published his first novel, "The Forge in the Forest," and nearly one hundred thousand copies have already been sold. Last summer he completed his second novel, "A Sister to Evangeline," which bids fair to repeat the success of its predecessor.

The most notable of American novels is perhaps Dr. Weir Mitchell's delightful romance, "The Adventures of Francois," which thousands of readers followed in the pages of the *Century Magazine*. Dr. Mitchell is one of those writers whose literary success was won after success in wholly different work had been attained. For many years he has been known as the greatest nerve-specialist in America, if not of the whole world. His eminence is well illustrated by an anecdote that his friends like to tell. A few years ago Dr. Mitchell developed an affection of the nerves of the hand. During his summer vacation he

went to London and consulted another famous nerve specialist. Through some accident the physician did not catch his patient's name. After making his examination, he shook his head. "I'm sorry," he said, "but I can't do anything for you. There's only one man in the world that can. That is Dr. Weir Mitchell of Philadelphia, in the States."

Among our authors of long-established fame, W. D. Howells, Henry James and Frank R. Stockton are well represented on the autumn lists. It is curious to study the attitude of readers in this country toward Mr. Howells. Many readers profess to dislike him, and, for a popular author, he has been abused to an astonishing extent. His latest book, "The Story of a Play," though by no means one of his best, gives an extremely acute picture of a phase of American theatrical life, a most fascinating field of literary exploitation. Henry James has found fields less fascinating perhaps, but much more unique. "In the Cage," his latest novel, has for its scene a spot probably never before explored in fiction; that is, the cage where a little London "lady-telegraphist" passes her working day. The story is written in the manner that Mr. James has fallen into during the past few years, a manner so involved and fantastic that it can be compared only to George Meredith's. Equally involved is the style of his second autumn book, "The Two Magics," which consists of two long tales, one of which is a very up-to-date and absorbing ghost-story. Henry James, I ought to add by way of caution, is by no means a safe author to give for a Christmas gift. But he has ardent admirers and, if you happen to number some of them among your friends, you could not do better than to present them with copies of his latest stories. As for Mr. Stockton, there is no need of dwelling on his peculiar gifts. He has made thousands of people happy by his quaint and ridiculous fancies, and his old admirers may be relied upon to give an enthusiastic reception to his two new stories, "The Associate Hermits," fresh from *Harper's Weekly* and "The Heart of Miranda," as well as to the new and beautiful edition of one of his greatest successes, which deserves to become a classic, "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine." There will be a large audience, too, for Mrs. Burton

Harrison's new novel, "Good Americans." Mrs. Harrison, by virtue of being a figure in the society of New York, is very generally considered "the novelist of the 400," and, for this reason, as well as for the intrinsic interest of her stories, every book she publishes is widely read. New editions, too, have been brought out of her "Flower the Hundred" and of that capital study of New York life, "The Anglomaniacs." While "The Anglomaniacs" was running anonymously in the *Century Magazine* Mrs. Harrison met at a dinner in Newport a charming woman who confidentially informed her that she herself had written it! Mrs. Harrison now tells this anecdote with great amusement. Those who have not read "The Anglomaniacs" would surely enjoy it. Mrs. Harrison has so long been associated with New York in the public mind that one sometimes forgets that she is a Southerner and has a kinship with those Southern writers who are doing so much good work at present. One of the most brilliant is James Lone Allen, whose popular novel, "The Choir Invisible," has been brought out again in a new and beautifully-illustrated edition, an ideal Christmas book.

Dealing with the life of the working man is a new writer who belongs to New York and whose fame is still in its infancy, Herbert E. Hamblen. This writer published his first book, "On Many Seas," two years ago, under the pseudonym of Frederick Benton Williams. The freshness, the dash, and the strength of that book established Mr. Hamblen as a writer of exceptional gifts. After its appearance, the public was astonished at being informed that it was the first book of a man whose whole life had been passed in work wholly different in character from the pursuits of literature. This year Mr. Hamblen, whose present occupation is that of an engineer at a pumping-station in New York city, astonished the public again with a book called "The General Manager's Story," picturing the life of a railroad man as vividly as "On Many Seas" had pictured the life of the sailor. Mr. Hamblen looks upon writing as sport, and he turns out his "stuff" while he is keeping watch on his engines. A somewhat similar facility has been shown by Mr. Robert W. Chambers, also of New York, who began

his career a few years ago as painter and gradually developed into a popular writer. Mr. Chambers is one of those young American writers who show plainly the influence of Anthony Hope. But he has good qualities of his own, and his latest novel, "Ashes of Empire," is full of spirit.

Popular as fiction is, there is, fortunately, a market for other kinds of reading. Just now some of our publishers seem to think that there is a strong desire on the part of the public for books on the late Spanish-American war, and on war in general. If we may judge from the forecasts, as well as from work that has already appeared in the magazines, the most interesting, certainly the most popular of these books, will be "The War of 1898 from Beginning to End," by Richard Harding Davis. It will consist of those papers which have appeared in *Scribner's Magazine* and which have been widely read and discussed. They are in Mr. Davis's happiest and most vivid style, and they take you into the thick of the fight. It is likely that General Joseph Wheeler's book on "The Santiago Campaign" will prove to be more didactic and more military in character; and it cannot fail to be a most important contribution to war literature.

Of new books on general literature there are so many that I have space to single out a very few only. There are essays by that charming English writer, Mrs. Alice Meynell, and essays of an altogether different sort, though charming, too, in their whimsical fashion, by that brilliant young writer, Max Beerbohm, who, in spite of his name, is also English, a brother, by the way, to the popular actor, Beerbohm Tree. Volumes of essays by three of our own countrymen deserve attention: "Causes and Consequences," a vigorous study of our political conditions by Mr. John Jay Chapman; "Essays on Work and Culture," by Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, one of the editors of the *Outlook*, whose literary papers are very well known and liked; and "American Bookmen," a collection of papers on our literary giants, by M. A. de Wolfe Howe. Dr. Edward Everett

Hale, that indefatigable veteran, is out with a new volume, "Lowell and His Friends," that no lover of literature ought to be allowed to miss, and his contemporary, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, who has led as interesting and varied a life as any woman of her generation, publishes her "Reminiscences." And then we have a book from that genius, Lafcadio Hearn, "Exotics and Representatives," permeated, as all his books of recent years are, with the influence of Japan. But Hearn writes so exquisitely from Japan that we can forgive him for leaving America, going to the Kingdom of the Flowers, taking a wife there, and settling there for good. If you don't know Hearn's books, get them at once, and you will not only have a happy time yourself, but you will have discovered the creator of some of the most delightful Christmas presents possible.

In poetry the season's publications include several interesting volumes. A most attractive gift would be one of those pretty editions of Kipling's "Recessional."

Among our own poets, who is there that appeals more strongly to the people than James Whitcomb Riley? His simplicity, his humor, his homely pathos are so spontaneous that they carry their message straight to the heart. Besides, Riley is absolutely American. If we were to have a poet laureate, it seems to me that the office should fall to him. A younger American poet has lately had the distinction of appearing in a beautiful edition of three volumes. I refer to the three poetic dramas on the Arthurian legends by Mr. Richard Hovey, treated with bold originality, and full of feeling and dramatic power.

All the books I have mentioned can be safely recommended. There are many others that I should like to mention if I had more space. I have said enough, however, to show that there is an extensive field for choice. In any case, if you give books for Christmas, give good books, and give the preference to books that will last, not for a season only, but will be of permanent interest that one can return to now and then for refreshment and profit.

WHAT ONE MAN SAW

PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS OF A WAR-CORRESPONDENT

BY

H. IRVING HANCOCK

Part the Third

THE TAKING OF EL CANEY

WHEN we swung out from the camp-field into the road on the morning of July 1, there were few men in Bates's Brigade who had any idea where we were to go that day, or what part we were to play. Certainly I was not one of those who knew, nor did any of the officers with whom I chatted as we moved along up the road in the cool of the morning.

Some had heard that we were to move into position on the left of the line. This promised well, for if, as some expected, we were to capture Santiago that day, the left of the line would place us among the first to enter the captured city. But only a few hundred yards had we gone when we halted. While lounging at the roadside we were passed by a few fugitives—old men, women and young children—who had gotten out of the hunger-ridden city of Santiago, and who were now on their way to Siboney to taste of our famed American canned meats and hard-tack. After a few minutes the order came to move forward. Boom! came the sound of a gun from El Poso, which told us what we had not positively known before—that the day's battle was on in earnest. By the time that we had gone something more than a mile we were wheeled into a field, ranks broken and arms stacked. This did not look like hurrying into the fight, but those who were conducting the day's operations knew better than we where the brigade could be of the most service. And right good use did many of these soldiers make of their opportunity by supplementing the short rest of the night by going to sleep now. Up to this time I had often been skeptical of men sleeping in battle, but I found how easily it can be done by going soundly to sleep myself.

"There goes the balloon!" shouted some one, and in an instant apathy

changed to keen interest, and those of us who were asleep woke up. Off to the eastward or southeast, appeared the round, yellow bag above the treetops, glistening in the morning sun as if it had arisen out of the dew. This was one of the fantastic military chimeras of the military authorities. It seemed as if the balloon had been but a few moments over the treetops when it began to descend. Back there in Bates's Brigade we surmised, though we did not know, that the enemy's marksmen had proven themselves able to hit the big yellow bag. It went down quickly enough, and after a while the second balloon went up, went up a little higher and stayed a little longer, before it, too, came sinking down to earth. The military balloon, it was evident even from our position at the rear, had proven a ludicrous failure. We laughed about it, then, for none of us knew at that time that the balloon had been sent up at a point that utterly betrayed the location of our own advancing men, resulting in a considerable loss of American life. It would be interesting to know just who was mainly responsible for the crime of sending up the balloon *at that point*. The Spanish made excellent use of the information our balloons furnished them, and sent showers of hissing Mauser bullets into the grass and clumps of chapparal around the anchor lines of those preposterous gasbags, striking down men right and left.

Not realizing the needless tragedies attached to this spectacular bit of aeronautics, we back there at the rear stretched ourselves on ponchos in the shade and again made up for some of the sleep lost the night before. I had already made up my mind not to be impatient for a sight of the fight, but to await the turn of events, so instead of hurrying forward on my own account, I stretched myself out between Captain French and Lieutenant



WATCHING THE ASCENT OF THE BALLOON—p. 520

Houle, and we all three slept until the shifting sun found us out and chased us to the shade of another tree. Just as we were starting there was a stentorian shout of:

"H Company, come and get it!"

It is in these words that the readiness of a meal is announced in camp. There was a wild stampede toward the patch of long grass from which the yell came—then rough, hearty guffaws. It was all a hoax. There was nothing to "come and get," for almost the last had been eaten at early breakfast. These men were really hungry enough to enjoy a good meal, but they were regulars, and a regular in a campaign is apt to scorn a man who cannot go two or three days without eating. We found the shade, prepared to enjoy it, when the shrill notes of bugles called every man to his post. Orders rang out briskly now, and men moved with alacrity. In the time that an ordinary man would require to put on his shoes and lace them up, these two regiments had fallen in and were heading for the road.

The real thing now! No more short, leisurely marches, with long halts! The

mounted general and his mounted staff up at the head of the column set a pace that was hard to follow. The man who was to stay in that column must lift up his feet and put them down quickly, with a long stride between. It had now reached the hottest part of the morning, and the gait soon produced suffering. In a few moments we were at a ford. Some one who had gone before us had taken the trouble to roll big stones into the shallow stream, the succession of these forming a sort of a bridge. But it was slow work for a long line of men to pass over these stones, and many tried to find other ways. At best it was slow work, and to get some twenty companies over in this fashion would consume a good deal of valuable time.

"Don't bother about wet feet!" shouted Captain French, himself wading in where the water was deepest, an example which hurried the men through the creek and up the opposite bank. Then on again, in Indian file, with boots heavier and feeling as if full of pebbles. A long, up-hill toil on a steep mountain trail. More fording and a constant succession of steep



A RARE MOMENT OF IDLENESS--p. 520

hills. I remember thinking it marvelous that men could make mile after mile of this kind of journeying at such a gait, and without halts, to say nothing of fighting at the end. But the pacemaker continued inexorable, and we had to follow somehow, at a pace that was half walk and half run. After two miles of this sort of thing, I saw a soldier drop out and sink to a seat by the roadside. As we passed him, I saw that his face was as red as a lobster's shell, and, though he had passed the enlistment surgeon as a perfectly sound man, I could see his heart beating now under his shirt. He took a long pull at the canteen, gasping as he removed it from his lips.

"Come as soon as you can," called an officer in passing, and the poor fellow nodded his head, an answer that saved breath.

It was not long before another dropped out, and then another, at every few rods. I was suffering myself, stopping now and then for a pull at the warm water in my canteen, then hurrying on again. There was not a man in the line who would not

have given a good part of his month's pay for a ten minutes' halt. It came not, and the regular soldier has too much *esprit de corps* to fall by the wayside while there remains any possibility of his going onward.

At the end of three miles of this sort of thing I knew something about the sufferings of a forced march in the tropics. Twenty men had dropped out by this time. I would have given much to fall out and sink down beside the last one. Lieutenant Houle, noting my condition, advised me to do so. But pride made me shake my head. Back in Tampa the soldiers had settled it for themselves that the correspondents would be miles to the rear when the fighting was going on. They chaffed us about it in advance, and I, for one, was determined to stagger on and into the fight somehow. So, bent nearly double under my pack, streaming perspiration at every step, panting, gasping, and with a sharp pain beginning in my side, I kept on. For a little part of the way Lieutenant Houle took hold of my arm to help me, but I knew he would have

plenty of need of all his reserve strength that day, and shook free of him, following in his footsteps. Despite myself, I began to lag. Sergeant Hart, of H Company, was now treading on my heels. I spurted ahead, but two or three times during the next five minutes I found his relentless boots grinding against mine.

"If you can't keep the gait, why don't you fall out like the others?" he growled at last, exasperated.

Lieutenant Houle, hearing, fell back beside me, without a word, and I struggled to keep step with him.

"Why don't you fall out, and come on with the second battalion?" he suggested, after a while. "They're three or four minutes behind us."

But I felt that if I once sat down on the seductive grass that bordered the road it would be long before I could summon up the strength to go on again. Thank God for the halt that came! But, no; before there was time to sit down the line ahead started again; it was only a momentary slackening. All along the men of H Company had been requesting permission to discard their packs, but Cap-

tain French, knowing how necessary the packs would be later on, had refused. During this brief, semi-halt, however, he saw the weakening condition of his men, and ordered them to stack their packs in a company pile. We were in motion again before the last discarded roll fell on the pile. We were climbing the last long slant to the ridge from which Capron's battery had been thundering against Caney earlier in the morning. Now the guns were still, but from the hills of El Caney, long before we came in sight of them, we could hear the sharp, incessant rattle of rifle fire. What did the battle sound like at a distance? The most persistent stay-at-home body can form an accurate idea. Imagine several hundred boys in a village, each with an inexhaustible supply of cannoncrackers, setting them off unceasingly, whole packs at a time. There you have the sound, as perfect as the original itself. Imagine this pop-pop-popping of cannon crackers from daylight to dark, with never a let-up to light punk or go after more crackers, and you will have a clear perception of the audible portion of what the Spaniards, with our very





VANQUISHED BY THE FORCED MARCH - p. 522

able assistance, were doing at El Caney on the First of July.

"There's a dickens of a fight going on over there," said Lieutenant Houle.

He looked interested, but not excited. His thoughts were certainly more busy with the men of H Company than with the yet distant battle. He and Captain French both turned frequently to see how the men were standing the stiff pace. They were straggling a trifle—surely they could not be blamed for it, for they were making the stiffest march performed by any of our troops that day.

"Sergeant," called Captain French, "pass word back to close up the line."

Sergeant Hart, though a splendid physical specimen of a man, was suffering both from heat and fatigue. To go back along that line of some forty or fifty men, closing up the gaps and then running back to his own place at the head of the

company, was no light task on that steep hillside. Yet without a frown, or a trace of the impatient look that a man less a soldier would have given under the circumstances, he saluted, turned and started back. It seemed too bad, for, his order carried out, the run back to the head of the company line was sure to land him there gasping. But Lieutenant Houle, seeing him start, called after him:

"Pass the word back, sergeant. Don't go back."

Then relief showed in the sergeant's face, as he came back, straightened up, saluted and sent back word that soon closed up the gaps. He was a soldier all the way through, and non-commissioned officers like him, by their own unhesitating obedience and ungrumbling readiness for whatever came, were as valuable in the cam-

paign as our generals.

It is always interesting to the uninitiated to think how soldiers feel who are going into battle. Are they afraid? Do they feel queer sensations—nausea? fright? an inclination to head about and run back? Do they think of home, and wish, by all the gods, that they were there? I was wondering how they felt, and studied the men's faces to see the play of emotions. From a spectacular point of view, the results were disappointing. If their faces showed anything, it was that they were cursing the steepness of the road and the swiftness of the pace. Of any other emotions their faces were void. In their rough campaign clothes they suggested nothing so much as a crowd of men who had loitered on their way to work and were now hurrying to get there before the whistle blew. The frequent sights of picks and shovels over



ENGINEERS MAKING READY THE ROAD FOR THE ARTILLERY—p. 527

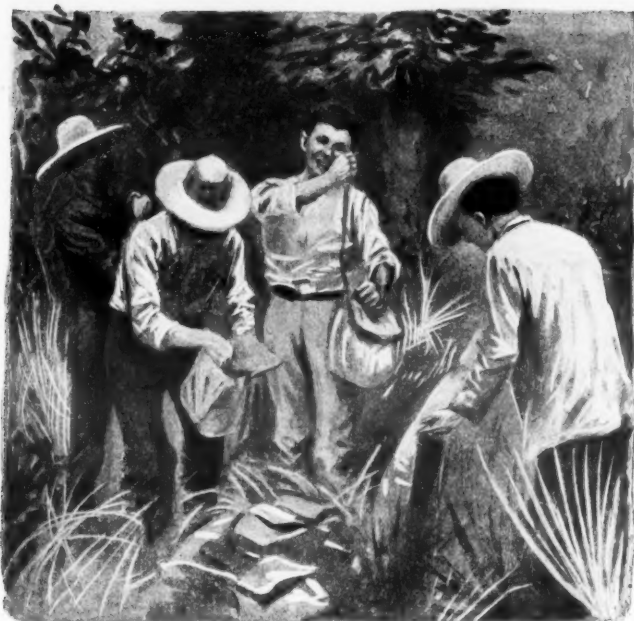
the shoulders of the men heightened this too, twenty-four hundred yards away to illusion. They were almost afraid of the eastward. What a terrific din was being "docked," yet determined to reach going on over there—more racket than a their work in season if speed could accomplish it. At the top of the hill they would be within sight of battle; their appearance there might be followed almost instantly by a deadly, destructive fire directed at them. Yet they showed neither eagerness nor dread, nor anything but a sense that they were late on the scene.

In a dell below the top of the hill we caught sight of several teams of artillery horses, unhitched and browsing industriously in the long, sweet grass. A moment later we got a glimpse of Santiago, miles away to the southward.

Then we came to the crest of the hill, where Capron's fieldpieces and guncrews stood awaiting the order to begin making things lively again. We were in sight of El Caney,



THE HOSPITAL MAN DRESSING HIS OWN WOUND—p. 528



THE CUBAN SOLDIERS STOLE THE PACKS OF OUR MEN

dozen Fourth of July celebrations rolled into one! And here, just where things were beginning to be decidedly interesting, I was forced to drop out. It would have been a physical impossibility, just then, to have gone a hundred steps further. I felt as if walking through a furnace, and the cool shade that a tree threw over the grass proved altogether too seductive. Had I gone any further then a sunstroke would have been the reward. And yet, among civilians at home, I had been thought sturdy and enduring. The regulars still went on, showing what a difference their ceaseless training in peace times makes between them and ordinary civilians. At first I took very little interest in what was going on around me, and wondered if the sunstroke were pressing my temples in its hot hands. I took a gasping drink of water, and then lay down in the shade. After a while I felt as if a smoke would brace me up. I tried it, but had not breath enough to pull at the pipe. Down the road some more troops came into sight—the second battalion of the Third,

hurrying along as the first had done. As they passed me, I rose and tried to follow them. It was out of the question, physically, as less than ten steps convinced me. If I ever go into the field again as a war correspondent I shall get to the front by easy stages, and not wait to hurry out with the reserves at the last hour.

From where I lay I had a splendid panoramic view of El Caney. I could see the village patches, the gardens and fields, beautifully laid out on the slope—and that was all. Over there one of the most famous infantry fights in history was going on. I was in a good position to hear the battle, but not to see it. With all the crashing of volleys, which never let up for an instant, there was absolutely nothing to see. The Spaniards were hidden in trenches and blockhouses around the town; our men lay upon the ground, behind sheltering ridges, or hidden in long grass or clumps of bush. The use of smokeless powder takes all of the picturesque out of an infantry battle. Waiting until I found myself somewhat cooler, and able to breathe once more without it



CAPRON FIRES FAST BEFORE THE CHARGE—p. 532

hurting, I shouldered my roll, lighted my pipe, and started on around the bend of the hill. The road lay downward, now, a blessed sight! Some two hundred yards below the battery was a spring. The water was muddy here, from the frequent visits that had been paid the spring that morning, but such a little thing is not to be minded, and after getting a good drink, I filled my canteen as full as possible. From there on a detachment of engineers was endeavoring to get the road in shape for the artillery to pass over it when the time came. On a good bit further, and then the road led across the valley. A tolerably straight road, too, yet so rough that an exhausted man could not make swift progress over it. Ahead, coming toward me, was a young soldier, limping and leaning on a stick he had cut by the wayside. Every few steps he looked behind him at El Caney as if he wished himself back there. On meeting him, I found that he belonged to the Eighth Infantry, and was swearing with all a soldier's warmth because one of his officers had ordered him peremptorily back.

"It's only a scratch," he grumbled.

"They won't let me stay in hospital after to-morrow morning with it."

But afterward, eight or nine days later, I recognized him in Siboney, and that was the first day he had been allowed outside the hospital. He would have fought through the rest of the day, had he been permitted.

Behind me men were coming, stepping along with that low sound of "whump, whump," that marching men make on a muddy road. They were close upon me by the time that I heard them, enough men to make about a company. They were out of breath and perspiring furiously.

"What regiment?" I asked.

"Fall in, if you want to," came the gruff answer from the sergeant at the head.

I fell in, and tramped with them for a little way, but they were traveling altogether too fast for me. So I was left to the rear again, and after a little while these men were out of sight ahead. I found out later they were men who had dropped out exhausted, and had been "rounded up." Wounded men coming back over the trail were pretty frequent



CHEERING THE TWENTY-FIFTH'S CHARGE—p. 533

by this time; they reported a good many more up near the firing line who were too badly hurt to move or be moved. There were a good many killed, too—hundreds of our men dead, so one of the shattered soldiers assured me. It was a fearful fight that was going on up on Caney's slope; that much I could easily learn, but no details. The private soldier in a modern fight sees nothing, except in his own vicinity.

When I had gone a little further I saw a sight that made the hot blood jump. Some three hundred yards up the trail came two hospital men, carrying a wounded comrade on the litter. Each bearer wore on his arm, in plain sight, the bright red cross of mercy. Soon after I caught sight of them I saw the rear bearer fall suddenly as if he had slipped. He let go of the litter and sank upon the ground a yard away from it, while the wounded man fell two-thirds off the litter before the front bearer let his end down. Hurrying forward to see if I could be of any assistance, I saw the man who had been carrying the rear end of the litter trying to bandage his left shoulder with the contents of one of the "first aid"

packages, his comrade helping him. "Shot?" I demanded.

"Of course," was the nonchalant answer from the man sitting by the roadside, while he who had been carrying the front poles growled savagely:

"The sneaking dagoes are firing at every red cross they can spot!"

I offered to help, but when they found that I was a correspondent going out into the fight, they declined my offer, saying that some one would soon be along to help them. During our talk the wounded man who had been riding on the litter had got back on it without help, and without saying a word. I had only to wait a minute or two when I saw other hospital men coming up, and then hurried forward. It seemed at first thought rather surprising that the sharpshooter who had so foully disgraced his nation did not try to bring down the other hospital men or myself. His failure to do so can be accounted for only on the supposition that he had been seen and "potted" by one of our own soldiers. Earnestly do I hope that was the case. It was the only instance I saw that day of a non-combatant being struck, but the tales told by

correspondents and soldiers from all parts of the field that day are enough to make me forever skeptical when the subject of "Spanish honor" is mentioned. The soldiers of an honorable nation do not fire upon wounded men and hospital attendants, as was done in scores of cases on the First of July. Later on, further at the rear, I saw plenty of wounded men being fired upon, but fortunately none that I saw was hit by this sharpshooter fire.

Meeting and passing other wounded men who were coming to the rear, I made my way gradually forward, getting nearer and nearer to the firing line. The same incessant pop-popping as of crackers was going on, but, now, nearer to the scene, it sounded as if the crackers had been put under tins, for the sound of firing was both heavier and more muffled. For the last few minutes I had heard the pretty frequent whiz of bullets. It is a startling sound at first, especially if one stops to consider the deadly capabilities of each one of these nasty pests. But one gets quickly used to it. From time to time, when I thought the fire too hot in my vicinity I lay down on the ground with a willingness that I am not ashamed to confess. Then, as the hoarse buzzing shifted, I would get up and, crouching, get a little further forward. I was now to the south of Caney and a very short distance ahead of me the rifles of Miles' Brigade were crackling back a vicious answer to the guns of Spain. Yet it was only occasionally that I could see any of our soldiers, so well were they hidden while firing. And nowhere so much as a puff of smoke! The Second Massachusetts, the only regiment at Caney using black powder, had already received orders to cease firing. Both sides were using smokeless powder.

It was not easy to locate either friend or foe. With all the racket, with all the hail of death raging, it looked to the spectator as if battle were being carried on without human agencies. Seeing a battle? What nonsense! There was nothing to see, unless the occasional glimpse of a blue-shirted figure raising itself to fire. Some yards ahead was a tree which did not look difficult of climbing. Determined to make the effort, I hurried forward, and, leaving my roll at the base of the trunk, started up. It was a hard climb for one long out of practice, but at last I got up among the branches. It was a low

palm, and the climb up that smooth trunk was difficult. But once up in the top, and fairly screened by the vegetation, I felt rewarded for all the trouble. From here there was a much better view; by comparison it was excellent. There was another advantage that I was not slow to discover, and that was that I was now above the line of fire. Bullets came at times over the ground near the base of the tree, but none so high up. My position now combined all the advantages of going to war with all the safety of being at home. Before me I could make out considerably more of Miles's men. Bushes and grass were being cut all about them by bullets coming apparently from the Spanish trenches six or seven hundred yards beyond them. And now I could see the Spaniards—no, that doesn't express it accurately, either, for what I did see, at the trench line up the slope was a line of bobbing hats, small enough in the distance. It was impossible to see their faces. Not even their guns were visible from my perch, but the sound of their guns was in my ears all the time. Off to the northward I had frequent glimpses of Ludlow's men; to the eastward I caught sight of troops which I did not then know composed Bates' Brigade. Chaffee's men, who were up at the northeast end of the town, I could not see at all. Miles' men appeared to be firing at a trench ahead, at a blockhouse on the left, and the famous stone fort, which was slightly to their right, at the southeast end of the town. In front of this stone fort were trenches that were being obstinately defended—*trenches cut through the solid rock*, it was afterward discovered. From these trenches, the blockhouse and the fort, the firing was tremendously rapid. Thirty or perhaps a few more shots per minute can be fired from a Mauser. From the racket and the loud angry hum of the enemy's bullets I am inclined to believe that at that time the Spaniards were firing up to the limit. "Cutting grass" is a trite expression, but no other phrase so well describes the work of the enemy. Firing too high is the fault often imputed to the Spanish soldiery, but on this day they made few such mistakes. Few of the missiles went more than knee high, where I was, and the testimony of officers and men with whom I afterward talked was to the same effect. Personally I was very grateful to the enemy for firing so

low, for my perch was as safe as Broadway, until——

Szz-zz-zz-zz-zz-zz-zz-zeu! That disturbing sound came within four feet of me, and went past. The sound was, or seemed, louder than a Mauser, and hoarser.

Was that meant for me, or was it merely a wild shot? After the first startled thrill, the experience seemed a comical one.

"If that fellow aimed at me," I thought, "it proves all I've ever heard about the infernally bad marksmanship of the Spanish."

At the same time I scanned all the trees near me, even those within our own lines. While I was looking, Szz-zz-zz-zz-zz! The second ball came, apparently, the same direction, at about the same elevation, that is to say, just below the level of my head. But it was nearer—not more than eighteen inches away.

"That rascal is doing better—from his standpoint," I thought. "I wonder if he can really hit me."

Still I lingered up the tree, still looked. It was in a spirit of neither valor nor foolhardiness that I dallied where I was, but my perch gave me such an excellent view of the field that I hated to get down. It seemed almost unreasonable for that other fellow to expect me to, and I suppose I felt a certain amount of Yankee inclination to be independent about it and do just as I pleased. But after a little interval a third shot came. Confound that fellow! He had the range almost perfectly by this time, for this ball cut away some leaves within four or five inches of my breast. My independence vanished and, with a sudden respect for that other fellow's opinion, I began to get down out of the tree. As soon as I came to the smooth part of the trunk I slid fast. Nor did I regret my speed, for the fourth bullet struck the trunk some five feet over my head. By the time I got to the ground I was quite willing to lie as close to it as possible, until I made up my mind that the sharpshooter could no longer see me, for he didn't attempt to "get" me again. That he was a sharpshooter, and an isolated one, I am convinced, for had he been in the enemy's trenches, in the midst of comrades, he would unquestionably have called their attention to the "good thing" in that tree, and volleys, instead of single bullets, would have come my way. I don't blame the fellow,

though. He was attending to what he considered his business, and attending to it well until I interfered by getting out of his reach. I was in a very good imitation of service clothes, had a cartridge belt and revolver strapped to my waist, and he undoubtedly mistook me for an officer making a reconnaissance. Wriggling a little way from the tree, I made myself as comfortable as I could in the long grass behind a bush. But here I could see nothing except at intervals, and then what I could see did not satisfy me.

It was while lying here now that I became aware of a curious possibility on the battlefield. In the hottest fire, *one may become absent-minded!* From lack of ability to see well, I began to think of other matters—of home, of Broadway, of a former trip to the tropics, of the poor fare we had on the transport, and of a certain restaurant in New York where the cold salads were always a delight on a hot summer's day. I had suffered much from rheumatism in the past, and the exposure of sleeping in wet grass the night before, and the hard tramping on this day, had begun to make themselves felt by a painful stiffening. Finding my position on the ground too cramped, I rose to stretch myself—and then the combined ludicrousness and danger of this form of taking comfort dawned upon me, and I laughed and got down close to the ground again. The fire came my way again. Perhaps my own absent-mindedness had caused it. As I lay there watching the grass go down as the bullets zipped it off, I could not help wondering how many tons of hay a horse rake could take up here on the morrow. In the original plans an hour and a half had been allotted to taking El Caney. It required all day.

This is seeing battle at close range, and the spectator gets an excellent idea of what modern fighting is, where the guns are of such rapid fire and so destructive that men cannot stand up to face each other, but must advance on their bellies, raising only once in a while to fire when the enemy, also seeking a better mark, exposes himself. Up on the sides of those stone trenches around the fort, after the battle was over, was lead enough that had been fired by our men to keep a poor man in comfort for a long time on the proceeds of the sale. But knowing now what it is like to be under fire, and having a pretty good idea of what a small

portion of our men are doing, I decide to go back to the hill where the battery still stands, and from there watch the progress of the whole fight, for of what is happening outside of my own vicinity I am necessarily ignorant as long as I stay here. So I pick my way back, cautiously at first, and then rising and going ahead rapidly as soon as it seems that I am out of the range of Spanish fire. And now, on my feet, I make swift progress back. I am soon at the other side of the valley, and climbing the road that leads straight up to the battery. I have seen two lines of men, six hundred yards from each other, firing rapidly and with good aim, killing and crippling each other. It seems a strange madness that sets thousands of men slaying each other. It seems almost unnatural, and yet I am pagan enough to feel, as I think on what I have seen over there at the other side of the valley, that war is really an exhilarating business; that it requires and develops the best qualities of American manhood, and that it is a fine thing to show that we are capable of taking splendidly advantageous positions away from an enemy who have always expressed for our soldiers and our arms the contempt of the ignorant. They are learning their sad mistake to-day, these savage little brown men, for our lines have been steadily going forward since almost after sunrise, and going forward, too, where foreign attachés, military experts in their own lands, had predicted that we could not possibly win. El Caney is already sorely harassed, and would gladly give up, as we afterward learn, were it not for one dread. Their leaders have told these little brown soldiers that *los Americanos* will kill all prisoners they take, and the little brown soldiers actually believe this monstrosity. Even their subordinate officers believe it, and so the fight goes sternly on, for these little brown men feel that they would much rather be killed at long than short range.

There are no blunders here at Caney. If I am to offer an explanation of the reason of this fact, I can only state that General Lawton, the division officer who is in command here, is actually on the ground, noting every move with alert eye and the cool judgment born of much experience. He is maneuvering the American forces on that judgment of his own, and his plan of attack is based on sugges-

tions for which he frankly says he is indebted to a highly competent subordinate, General Chaffee, to whom, in recognition is given the "best place" in the fight—that is to say, the deadliest part of the field.

But here is the spring again, and I find that I have emptied my canteen during that brief trip through the valley. So I fill it up again and then, spreading poncho and blankets on the grass at the roadside, lunch on my two remaining hardtack. For the sight of death and blood do not dull the appetite of the physical man, and the scant allowance of food tastes good even when I see such of the wounded men as are able to walk toil up the path and stop at the spring. Then they go on, for further up the road, back in the rear of the battery some distance, is a temporary hospital, and there is another and much larger one on the other side of the mountains at Siboney. With hunger somewhat satisfied, another physical need asserts itself. I must take a short nap, for the fatigue, under this blazing sun, begins to assert itself. So I compose myself on my blankets, close my eyes and am asleep at once. It is not for long, however, for overhead, a little way off, the short bang of a field piece rings out, and sleep must be deferred. While I kneel over to make up my roll, I hear the hail of acquaintance. It is Brandenburg, one of the Ohio correspondents, a splendid, athletic-looking youngster in his early twenties. He is coming up the road from the valley, flushed but tireless looking, and he immediately begins to tell me how he has been out on the firing line at Caney, where he has been in the trenches with our men, and describes with a good deal of earnestness how he had to wriggle on his stomach for two hundred yards back from the firing line. He asks me if I have been over there, and I reply that I have been part way. That is all I tell him, for I make up my mind that when the day is over there will be plenty of stories of correspondents' experiences to be heard by whoever cares to listen to them. In this conclusion I afterwards find I am quite correct, and from wounded soldiers later on I hear warm praise of a heroic correspondent who, under the hottest fire, at repeated risk of his life, aided them back from the firing line. The name they give to that correspondent is Earl Brandenburg, and their praise of his nerve

and unselfishness is unstinted. If President McKinley finds himself with a little leisure some afternoon I doubt if he could better employ it than by writing an autograph letter to Mr. Brandenburg, offering him a commission in the army in case he cares to accept it. But Brandenburg, as he now stands by while I finish tying up my roll, tells me nothing of what he has been doing for others. When the task is done, we tramp up the hill together, and get in position just behind the gunners, who are now preparing to demolish the stone fort and such other works of the enemy as are in evidence from this position.

There are many other correspondents here, and the proprietor of one New York newspaper is also on the scene. We "swap" information freely, point out the different features of the bullet-traversed landscape, and draw rough maps for each other. Now that I have been over on the other side of the valley, and have seen what our men are doing for the honor of the flag, I find it much easier to understand the moves in the battle-game that is spread out before us. Miles' two regiments are to the south of Caney, while much further to the west are Ludlow's three regiments, which early in the morning had been stationed across the road between Caney and Santiago, to shut off the enemy when they attempt to retreat to the southward. When! Nothing is clearer than that the Spanish have no such notion. Will they stay on there at Caney, day after day, keeping up such a fearful fire that no men alive can advance and drive them out? It looks like it! No man who has read history doubts that the Spanish are brave. Their only fault is that they do not know *how* to fight as well as the men of some other races. But here it is easy. They are so well intrenched that none but the best troops in the world can hope to drive them out, and as to marksmanship, they have only to shoot toward our lines, firing close to the ground, and they are bound to shoot murderously. And they will not take any chance at surrender. The lie told them by their generals, that we would kill all prisoners, has worked well with these desperate, ignorant fellows. To the north of Miles's Brigade is one in which I take a great deal of interest, naturally, for it is the one with which I marched all one night, and the next morning. How are

they doing? "Magnificently," is the word dropped by an officer who stands near me. And up to the northward, at the extreme right of line, Chaffee's Brigade is relentlessly closing in, though back of the brigade are rows and rows of killed and shattered men. Caney is hemmed in—part of it taken. Chaffee is one of the leading spirits in the rattling fight that is spread before our eyes. He it was, who days ago, has reconnoitred this field, gliding through the grass and bushes until he could hear the Spanish soldiers talking on post. He has drawn splendid maps of this field, and it is his plan of attack which General Lawton, in command of the division, has accepted, and for which he afterward gives General Chaffee full and generous credit. There are ten American regiments in this fight, or were earlier in the day, for the Second Massachusetts, the only volunteer regiment at Caney, has been ordered to lie motionless in the grass. It is not that their courage is at fault, nor their skill. Army officers have said ungrudgingly that this splendid Bay State organization is in every essential equal to any regular regiment in the line. But the Massachusetts men are lying in the grass, doing nothing except being hit, because they are among the victims of that monumental piece of folly of arming volunteers with the old-fashioned guns that fire black powder. When the Massachusetts men fired earlier in the day each volley sent up a cloud of white smoke that hung some five feet from the ground and made their position so conspicuous that within five minutes nine men were killed and more than sixty wounded. Their low-hanging smoke not only exposed themselves but the regulars near them, and this is why, at this critical time of the day, eight or nine hundred as good men as went out of America are lying useless in the grass. It was governmental murder to give these men antiquated arms and send them out against men provided with the best rifle in Europe!

Now we are treated to a splendid spectacle of what our light artillery can do at its best.

"They are getting ready to charge the fort," announces the officer. "Fire as fast as you can, and demoralize the enemy before the charge starts!"

There are four three.2-inch guns in Capron's Battery. As soon as the order

is given and the range started, No. 1 gun discharges. There is a great cloud of smoke at the muzzle, and we who are standing just behind the piece see nothing but that, for the shell has struck seconds before the smoke clears. But those who stand more to one side, peering eagerly through field glasses, announce that the fort was struck. We are happy. Doubtless a few Spaniards were killed by the fragments of shell—but what of that? We didn't come down here to give the Spaniards a pleasure outing! Man is merciless when a battle is going on—merciless, but just or fiendish according to his natural temperament. Our soldiers are not intentionally firing on the Spanish wounded who are hobbling to places of comparative safety. If we are glad the shells are doing deadly work, it is more than natural. We have come on this day to feel a loathing for the Spaniard, and the more loss he suffers in ways honorable to us the better we shall be pleased. Two, three, four! Each of the guns has been fired, now, and every one of the shells has struck where it was aimed. Hardly has the smoke begun to lift from No. 4 gun when No. 1 is at it again, and so on down the line.

There is a whirr, not very loud nor very near, but it makes an officer turn around and ask:

"Was that shrapnel?" for so far there has been no artillery fire from Caney.

"No, sir," comes the reply; "that was a rifle volley."

In a few moments there is another whirr, just like the former one. It pleases us, for this effort to reach us with Mauser volleys at long range shows us how gallant our shellfire has become to the sorely-pressed enemy.

The artillerymen are working like beavers, and the sharp, metallic sound of discharge is ringing incessantly in our ears. We laymen, who have nothing to do with the glorious work that is going on, have found positions on either flank of the battery, where, with field glasses we can make out the puffs of smoke which result from the landing of shells on the stone fort. In a few moments there is a shout of:

"There are charging—splendid fellows!"

And now the firing, which has seemed to last but a few minutes, stops so far as the battery is concerned. Every shell has

hit the fort, and how many do you think have been fired? I have not counted, but a man standing near me who has a taste for statistics has kept tally, and he exclaims:

"Twenty-seven!"

Every field glass is being used now, and we feel a strange, proud thrill. The Twenty-fifth Infantry, negro troops with West Point officers, has just started up that hill in the face of the rain of death. What a splendid sight it is! In the distance the very uniforms look black, and the figures are tiny enough, even as thrown up on the object lenses of the glass. These figures are dropping, too—dropping faster than we can witness with composure, for these men are trying to carry the Stars and Stripes up to the fort. It is so glorious that we feel like dancing. We have read about such deeds, but this is the first time that we have seen men of flesh and blood performing them before our eyes. They are proving that Americans have *not* deteriorated as fighters, and these men are black, neither better nor worse fighters than their white comrades. In the army the color line is little heard of. There are white infantrymen and cavalrymen standing near by, in support of the battery. They are eager spectators, and they tingle with pride at sight of the splendid work the Twenty-fifth is doing on that slope slippery with red blood. These eager spectators can stand it no longer and keep quiet. A wild cheer rises. Surely the enthusiastic sound must reach the heroes more than a mile away. But down the line comes a stern order:

"Stop that cheering!"

There is a hush in an instant, but as if aware how hard it is to stand without cheering, this explanation follows the order:

"Men, if you cheer, the gunners can't hear the commands."

There are other regiments charging. It keeps us busy using the glasses. Stubborn Spain is leaving El Caney a few yards at a time. It has been a hard-fought day, but the end is nearing. Not that the pop-popping over yonder slackens any. On the contrary, it redoubles in intensity, but that is very likely because our own men are now where they are able to deliver their own volleys with more crushing effect. Is it a fancy, or do we really hear cheering from Caney? It sounds like it. All around me men look as if they

wanted to break out singing the "Star Spangled Banner," or "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." Undoubtedly they would do it, were they not afraid of being laughed at for showing so much emotion over the whipping of so insignificant an enemy. But it must be remembered that, earlier in the day, men competent to express the opinion, have predicted that we cannot whip the enemy at all. Yet now he is leaving Caney, going backward, and firing as he goes, and the foreign experts and the foreign military textbooks are all wrong!

And now an order comes for the battery to hurry over through the valley, in order, if possible, to get there in time to facilitate the departure of the enemy by a few well-planted shells at close range. Horses are hitched on, men leap into saddle, the cavalry rides out into the road in single file, the artillery following, the last of all the infantry support bringing up the rear. The battle is all but over, and now that the excitement is gone—merged in the certainty that Caney is ours—one scribe finds his attention called back to himself. All through the day my rheumatism has been steadily making itself more and more felt. The

fatigue has not lessened the pain which temporary excitement has somewhat deadened, and two or three showers through the afternoon have reduced me to such condition that now, when I find myself gazing longingly after the departing battery, I become conscious that I had better lose no time getting back to shelter.

There are no tents out here in the field. Mine is back at Siboney, folded up in one corner of the shack. If I stay here at the front, and sleep out again in the wet grass, morning will certainly find me utterly helpless from rheumatism. And so, though longing dictates the other way, I am compelled to decide in favor of tramping back over the mountains to dry shelter in Siboney while I am still somewhat able.

I remain on the hill only long enough to make sure that El Caney is ours beyond any possibility of doubt, and then turn my face to the rear. From the standpoint of a chronicler it proves to be a fortunate choice, after all, for I have not gone far when I meet further proofs of the worthlessness of that thing called "Spanish honor," and I find myself in the thick of our own wounded.

(To be continued.)

ILLUSIONS

BY

T. W. HALL

Straight in the footsteps of our sires
We walk the path of life.
We light again their death cold fires,
And fight their olden strife.

We think we live a life our own,
And glory in the thought;
Though we are but the changeless stone
That God, the Sculptor, wrought.

We are but echoes of a dream;
Mere shadows of the past.
All things are we but what we seem:
Mere dreams—and not the last.

BLACK DAN MORGAN'S CHARMED LIFE

THE STORY OF A FRONTIER HELEN

BY

MAJOR RICHARD HENRY SAVAGE

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THERE is no Californian county wilder and more romantic than Mendocino, of the north coast. Its rugged mountain ranges hide many smiling and fertile valleys cut off from the world by deep-shaded, lonely canyons, in whose sunless depths swift rivers dash along, whose dark pools hide the swarming spotted trout and silvery salmon. Great primeval forests here shelter the wild game of a hunter's paradise.

Far up in the embraces of the first circling mountain ranges, thousands of feet above the sea, lies the matchless Round Valley, forty by fifty miles in extent. The silver summits of the great Sierras rise beyond, towering higher up in air, the awful silent battlements of the head waters region of the Sacramento River. It is a very garden spot of the world. Sweeping out in glorious reaches of oak-dotted green, in a majestic expanse, it would afford an ample drill ground for the armies of the whole world.

In the early autumn of eighteen hundred and sixty-five, a strong garrison of Californian volunteers occupied Camp Wright, in the heart of the lonely valley. The blue-coated Lincoln soldiery posted there, overawed the fugitive tribes of savage mountain Indians, controlled some two or three thousand reservation aborigines and, vainly essayed to keep off the encroachments of a queer frontier population crowding into this coveted Eden to grasp the superb heritage of the defiant northern hill tribes. Between the fort and Indian agency, a clear dashing stream flowed along for six miles, and its main crossing was the natural site of the incipient settlement.

There, the store, saloon, blacksmith shop, post office and billiard rooms afforded a convenient meeting place for the squatter element. Mostly Southern or Southwestern men, these reckless invaders pastured vast herds of sheep, cattle

and horses on the Indians' lands gratis, and were gradually drawing closer and closer around the homes of the fast-disappearing red men. Their greedy ranks were daily recruited by Northern refugees and various desperate adventurers, who well knew that the six-shooter was the only process which could reach them here, hidden far up in the heart of the wild Sierras.

The August days of 1865 showed Round Valley golden in its matchless profusion of harvest and native abundance. Around the front doors of the saloon, at the crossing, an evening gathering of dismounted riders sat, variously indulging in the primitive dissipations of frontier whiskey and traders' tobacco, as the breeze swept down from the silent ranges. A score of the free lances of the border lazily exchanged greetings before separating for their several ranches. It was a time of a general opening of hearts and the burial of old feuds. During the exciting days of the four years' Civil War "The Crossing" had been the scene of many wild disputes between the warring sympathizers of the two distant combatant sections of a distanced land. Fray and personal vendetta had been carried to their utmost limits. The dead lay coldly garnered near their chosen battle ground.

Hank Mason, the dogged Missouri bravo, who dominated "The Crossing," eying the too suggestive line of oblong red mounds, shingle marked with quaintly-pencilled epitaphs, had at last remarked officially:

"Boys, I've had enough shootin' and cuttin' here! I'll get mad myself some day and just make a big extension of that there young burying ground!"

In truth, wearied of quarrel and its dread results, the banded squatters realized that the great national struggle was fought out—the military had sternly interfered, and then a common interest in eventually

stealing the whole valley, brought about a friendly *modus vivendi*. Some of them had really luxuriant homes, and the increase of their wandering horses and cattle, walled in by the great hills, was wondrous; their keep, even then, cost nothing, and the near approach of a wagon road suggested the evolution of a dawning community interest.

Hank Mason sat, glass in hand, among these now friendly land pirates. Smoking his cigar at ease, his eye carelessly noted the sunset beauty of this particular evening of August 20, 1865.

"Who's down at the 'Bay' now, boys?" he finally said, vaguely indicating distant San Francisco.

"None of our people that I know jest now," drawled "Long Aleck," a local shining light. "I'm thinkin' of takin' a drive of horses down soon. Kin I do anythin' for ye thar, Hank?"

"Nothing that I know of. I only wanted to know if any of the boys have heard from Dan Morgan yet?"

A general silence was finally broken by an order for drinks all round and the lazy remark, "What's up with Black Dan?" from the squire, a broken-down Alabamian.

A general flutter of animation enlivened the knot of squatters, when Hank Morgan guffawed:

"It's ALL up with him now! I've had a letter from my agent, that Morgan is back from Kentucky and a sendin' a power of fine stuff an' outfit up here. He's a been gettin' married out home, and, boys, the agent says she's a rare fine woman, young and handsome."

"Well! that beats the very devil!" said Doc Trimble, the local apology for a doctor. "Dan Morgan's the luckiest fellow in Mendocino. What did he really go East for?"

"You all know, boys," said the storekeeper. "Dan was hauled up last year by the military for some of his Injun killin' scrapes here, and the soldiers bothered him a good deal."

An air of sympathetic regret pervaded the assembly, and the expectant silence was only broken by muttered curses at the Yankee soldiery, and a general chorus, "Wish we were well shut of them."

"I'd a kind of a notion that Dan might have taken a hack at the Eastern fighting! He is a hot rebel!" said a fierce-looking old Missourian.

The speaker would himself have been an ideal recruit for the pitiless Mosby.

"Never a bit!" rejoined Hank Mason, emphatically. "He had some old money business at home to fix up. Black Dan cares for nothin' but himself in this world! He's not so all-fired stingy, but he's the coldest human bein' I ever struck. He wouldn't turn over a finger for North or South! Not he! I wonder that he ever set out to get married. He's got long and far the finest place in the valley, tho', and I bet he's worth two hundred thousand dollars, anyway."

"Oh, easy!" was the admiring chorus. "How long's he been here, Hank?" questioned the express rider.

"Let me see," remarked Mason, punctuating his effort at reminiscence with a three-finger drink. "I came to the valley in 'fifty.' Now, Dan Morgan was a boy about twenty when he crossed with the first emigrant train from Kentucky. He was always a cold devil. He killed a gambler at Sacramento, and had to clear out up here. And he got land and stuck to it. He's a little over forty now. Dan Morgan has been the wildest man in this region, and I wouldn't dare to tell of all he's been up to."

"Them thar Injuns around here, I've seen get right down in the road and lie in the dust, and look away, when he rides by. He's slaughtered a power of them."

"So he has," said a supporting voice. "An' some day they'll get even with him and take in his sign."

"I guess you're right," replied Mason, in an indifferent tone, "but he's a good man to have around, though. He jumps right into the fightin' business—no matter what it is! Boys, it's gettin' late. Come in and have somethin' with me."

"I've only one thing to say, gentlemen!" slowly remarked Hank Mason, striking the bar with his closed fist. "The woman that's married Dan Morgan will find out it's for his own perticklar convenience—and, not for any fair lady's pleasure. Let me know when he comes back, any of you; I don't go by his ranch much. I want to see him."

And, so the old rough bade his customers a surly good-night.

The surprise excited by old Hank Mason's news of the blissful change of state of the successful pioneer was fanned into an enthusiastic curiosity, by the later arrival in the Sierras of the newly-mar-

ried pair. Though all were held at arm's length, the budding community learned that a beautiful young woman of twenty-two had quietly glided into the silent obscurity of the home life of her harsh frontier lord. The open-eyed wonder at her costly belongings was soon changed into a quiet dislike by the extended isolation of the ill-assorted couple. The eager squatters were all fain to remain at a chilling distance. Morgan's home was closed to his old friends.

"Gives herself airs, does she?" said Hank Mason, over his glass, to a trusted friend. "A fine lady? Well, we will see!"

Whatever the uplifted finger of Fate might portion out to the strangely beautiful woman, she gave no sign and calmly ignored even the army ladies at the headquarters. She was surrounded with many of the appliances of refined life, and her personal charms were duly magnified by a continued mysterious seclusion. The much-talked-of woman lived alone, save for the black women servants who arrived later, with the returning rancher. Morgan, stern and silent with the dwellers in the cut-off lovely valley, transacted, as usual, his ordinary business at the little settlement, and then rode his ways, ever lonely, fierce and alert. He was the only Adam of his individual Eden.

The whole community of Round Valley seethed in excitement three months later, when a fine band of Kentucky brood horses were driven into Round Valley, and then turned out to graze on Morgan's range. With electric rapidity, it was noised around that a young Southern stranger had also arrived, and was now a partner in horse dealing with the silent Dan Morgan.

"This beats all!" said old Hank Mason to the express rider.

"There's something underhanded in all this, Hank," said the rider. "I took some letters over there yesterday, and this new partner's a very likely young chap. I met him last spring, ridin' all alone over the lonely trail, from Red Bluffs to Morgan's. Now, that ain't no trail that a rank stranger would know. I wonder if they have grabbed up that splendid band of horses somewhere."

"Just like Black Dan!" was the answering chorus.

While the baffled Round Valley circles,

with bated breath, discussed the singular change of state of their local chief, the alert, trim figure of Mr. Henry Carruthers, the unknown partner, soon became familiar to all. Superbly mounted, cool and reserved, he dashed up regularly to the "Crossing" on the arrival of the weekly mail, and bore away for himself occasional letters postmarked "Frankfort, Kentucky," and also a goodly letter mail for Mrs. Isabel Morgan, bearing the stamp of the same office.

"So that's all I kin find out. I wonder are they cousins," growled Hank Mason; "most Kentuckians are related, somehow."

Followed by "Modoc Jim", Morgan's Indian boy (the rescued infant waif of a now historic massacre), the new partner unconcernedly rode the risky trails from Ukiah to the camp over the Red Bluffs. Rarely did he visit Camp Wright, and he was ever busied with the growing business of the horse-breeding venture. Those stragglers who approached Morgan's ranch, in the way of trade, found Carruthers to be the sole medium of the new firm's operations. His own comfortable bachelor house was a rifle shot away from Black Dan's secluded abode.

Carruthers soon gained a local fame as a mighty son of Nimrod, and often penetrated the surrounding wilds in search of the mighty grizzly. A superb Kentucky rifle, carrying an ounce ball, a heavy revolver and a deadly bowie knife, made up his personal outfit.

"Don't she ever fail you, Cap?" said Hank Mason one day as the Kentuckian returned from a great bear hunt.

The Kentuckian's eye flashed fire and then Carruthers coldly laughed.

"I don't know how to miss, and, besides, I always take 'Modoc Jim' along. He shoots as well as I do."

Indeed, a strange fascination seemed to grow upon the young Indian who now followed his new master blindly.

Another season of storm and sunshine passed away, and so far no man had ever opened the guarded door of Henry Carruthers's confidence. Dr. March, from the Fort, had been known to sometimes thread both glen and canyon with the Kentuckian, on his monthly hunts, always searching for rare additions to his scientific collections. But even Surgeon March was dumb. Henry Carruthers seemed to be fairly well educated, and

of some private means, for he bought claim after claim in the beautiful blue foothills far beyond the valley limits.

"I want to have a quiet hunting place and a cabin of my own some day, up there," he said, carelessly, indicating the dreaming clouded summits as Hank Mason, the County Recorder, registered some considerable land transfers,

"You'll be lonely up there, squire. Now, if you had a wife——" old Hank ventured.

Before he had lifted his head Henry Carruthers' blood horse was madly racing along a hundred yards away. The reckless rider drove in the spurs thoughtlessly as he muttered:

"If I had a wife!——"

The biennial contest for the leasing of the lucrative Government mail routes finally took Dan Morgan down to San Francisco, after that bitter contest in which the new firm of wealthy horse breeders finally worsted the old local ring. Hank Mason, in his official capacity of postmaster, knew now that Carruthers proposed to erect trading stations on the various trails, and the object of his scattered land purchases was apparent at last.

"I shall inspect all the mail routes myself and have sole charge of the whole business from Ukiah to Arcata and from Red Bluffs to the sea," remarked Carruthers. He smiled as he added. "We can use all our extra stock in this way."

"That young fellow has everything he wants, it seems," grumbled old Hank, and yet, as Henry Carruthers rode homeward, after notifying the postmaster of the new contracts, his clouded brow was dark and gloomy.

Instead of riding directly to his new bachelor den, he slowly threaded the vine-shaded paths of the grove beyond, to where Isabel Morgan sat alone under the roses on her porch. The stern liege lord had been called away for the period of a week upon their joint affairs.

The tired horseman did not dismount, but, while the lady of the lonely ranch gazed in mute wonder at his sudden appearance, he whispered:

"No, I won't come in. You know——" with a glance toward the domestic headquarters. "Belle, I must see you this afternoon. Come over to the Diamond Spring at three o'clock. Be sure that you are not followed. Look out for

your women. I'll send Jim over to the Fort."

With a frightened sweep of her shapely head, in the direction of her negro maids, Isabel Morgan faltered:

"I will be there! But, go now!"

And the handsome rider then rode slowly down to his own house, the reins lying loosely on his gallant steed's neck. There was a look upon his handsome troubled face which was a dark shadow of Satan's wing.

"It must be done now! There's no other way. I can't live any longer in this hell on earth," the restless man muttered, as he saw his obedient Indian follower ride away on the unnecessary errand. "It's half-past two now. He can't get back till five. We are all safe till then."

The dial at last showed the fateful signal to his burning eyes! Slipping out of the house by a hidden path, the new partner sought out the Diamond Spring, the gem of all the beautiful fountains of this rich hill region. It was my lady's favorite walk.

Springing to her feet and clasping his arm, Isabel Morgan cried with a fearful glance down the trail:

"Henry! What have you to say to me? My God! Speak! We may be followed!"

"Isabel! I have brought you here," said the Kentuckian, "to tell you what I dared not dream of before. This life of ours must have an end. When I left my distant Kentucky home to go under the Stars and Stripes, when I was chased away from Bowling Green by your own mad Southern kinsmen, I swore that I would gladly give up my life for you. You know that you are mine by the right of an undying love. To return from the war, and to find you Dan Morgan's wife, shows me that your family hatred, by a cruel deceit, has shackled you to that black tyrant, only to baffle me. They told you that I was dead. I have sought you out here. I've lived a life of repression and hypocrisy for a year in silent agony, and I'm going slowly mad. I will end it right here."

Their eyes met in silence—and a sudden breeze moaned in the dark forest. There a sobbing, pleading woman, clinging to a desperate man, one who struggled in vain with his dark impulses.

"It must be done! He would surely find us out. And then, would pitiless-

ly slay us both as he did these poor Indian victims. The time has come at last. He will be on his way back here soon. Some busybody in the East may write. If he ever finds out the secret of our early life, then, we are lost! His vengeance would be merciless. You shall be my wife yet. I swear it. You thought me dead. They lied to you."

With trembling lips, Isabel Morgan timidly questioned the lover of her youth. She dared not bend her beautiful eyes on his stony face. But the mad lover read the self-surrender of her eyes with bounding pulses throbbing in love's delicious madness. In husky whispers the Kentuckian loosed at last all the dark dreams of his passion-haunted heart. A half hour later he sadly drew aside her clinging arms.

"I will come back to you in three days, when I have received his telegram from San Francisco. If you wear my ring, the one I gave you in Kentucky, I will have my silent answer. Trust to me! Not a soul will ever know here."

Henry Carruthers was not habitually a nervous man, and, therefore, he greatly astonished old Hank Mason by riding in, twice a day, on the following days, to ask, with gloomy brow:

"Any telegram for me?"

"Something has surely gone wrong at the ranch," mused the old factotum of Round Valley. "Been sick, Cap?"

Carruthers' horse fidgeted as he drew the rein, quickly:

"I've been greatly worried, Hank. There's a big camp of these outside Indians over on the middle fork of Eel River, and I've just missed some of our very best blood horses. Those thieving fellows play the salmon fishing dodge, and are allowed to roam around on the loose. They might easily run off any day a few thousand dollars' worth of our blooded stock. I think that I'll ride over there myself and look them up a little, as soon as I know that Dan Morgan is really coming home."

"Better take a good man or two along," cautioned Mason. "You can't trust them damned hill Injuns."

"Oh! I'd ride alone through their whole tribe," laughed Carruthers, gathering up his fretting steed. "Besides, I'll take 'Modoc Jim'. He is a game boy! He knows their whole palaver!"

The morning larks were gayly caroling

as Carruthers dashed up to the "Crossing" next day with an eager look on his face.

"Here you are! all O. K.!" cried the storekeeper. "It just came over from the camp by the mail courier. I allowed that I'd send it up."

"Why, it's a whole day late. Morgan may start over the mountain to-morrow," said the young ranchman, quickly.

He looked nervously anxious.

"Cap!" said Mason, "don't let Dan Morgan cross that middle fork alone, if these Injuns are really out on their fishing frolic. They've got it in for him. Old times, you know."

"By Jove! You're right!" said the handsome young rider.

Old Mason remarked to a caller as the anxious Carruthers rode swiftly away:

"He turned deadly pale! That boy's surely frightened for Black Dan!"

As Henry Carruthers forced his foaming horse at full speed up the winding garden paths of the absent settler's home, the proud beast swerved, when a lovely apparition greeted the returning partner. It was Isabel Morgan—never so lovely before, with a glittering eager light in her wonderful shining eyes.

Carruthers shivered in a grim silence without dismounting. The hot blood surged to his heart in a flood of fire. For on the white hand, trembling like a leaf in the storm, shone a golden ring, wherein a ruby threw out its warm crimson rays in the tender morning sunlight. It was settled at last! The Kentuckian sprang lightly from his horse. He threw the bridle over his arm, and the two reunited lovers of an olden time walked, passion blinded, under the archway of the fragrant branches breathing out God's own benison.

"When do you leave?" the half-fainting woman whispered, as their guilty eyes met.

"At dawn! I'm going to look at the Indians over by the ford. And he crosses the mountain to-morrow!"

They stood in a guilty silence, long hidden in a thickly-shaded bower; after one long, passionate embrace, the wild-eyed Southerner sprang on his horse, and rode away to his own lodge.

A rough voice disturbed the uneasy slumber of Isabel Morgan, as Benson, the ranch herdsman, rode up late next morning and summoned the servants.

"Tell your mistress that I must speak with her at once."

A shrinking, white-faced woman half opened the door of the secluded home.

"What is it?" she demanded, in real affright.

"I'm going to take a half dozen of your men and look up Cap'n Carruthers and his Indian boy. They hadn't no call to be out all night. An' Mr. Morgan's overdue, too, on that Ukiah trail now."

"What do you fear?" murmured the mistress of the lovely domain, standing there shivering with her marble hands clasped over her swelling breast—the ruby ring still glowing red on one shape-ly finger.

"Them wanderin' Injuns! If they've only got hold of a few gallons of rum, then may God keep the man who rides that trail alone!"

The rude messenger roused all the ranch hands and rode away.

It was late the next day when a motley cavalcade of a dozen men brought home Henry Carruthers, bruised and exhausted, to his own lonely lodge. An embarrassed deputation of three, headed by Doc Trimble, broke the news of a sudden wild frontier melee to the woman who stood before them, now a lonely widow.

"He won't be himself for some days, Ma'am," babbled Trimble, "that is, the Cap'n, and,—and,—as for the other"—he softened his voice—"why, we took the remains down to the 'Crossin.' The Coroner's jury will sit there when the boys get back!"

"What do you mean?" faltered the white-faced beauty of Round Valley.

Her heart waited with a guilty joy the fateful tidings that her mad love whispered.

"Why, when we got the news of your poor husband's killin'—when the express rider found him, we rallied all, and the boys started out to kill them Injuns, before the soldiers could interfere. It's all over by this time! For, the neighbors was powerful worked up! As nigh as we kin make out, this yere Modoc boy was a traitor. He must have knocked the Cap'n over a cliff, and then, stealin' his rifle, posted them river Indians, and they, afterward waylaid and killed Dan Morgan. The boy has cleared out, and he won't be seen again. He's off now with the hill tribes. It's a strange break!"

Dr. March arrived next morning to

attend the wounded survivor, who was, still unable to recover his memory. The surgeon brought the news of a wild massacre of the Eel River native fishermen, for the vengeful squatters had ruthlessly slain the half-armed Indians like penned sheep. The slowly-moving troops, in scattered patrols, were now vainly trying to find the missing Indian assassin.

"It is a bad business—"the regulators," I suppose," said old Hank Mason to Major Crawford of the garrison. The sly squatter only leered, and stubbornly said, when questioned:

"What could I know? I didn't leave my store at the 'Crossin' no minute in the two days!"

The dreaming hills gave out no further secret of the strange affair, and then, Round Valley smiled once more in quiet.

Only another brutal record of the frontier! Another seven days' wonder, and Black Dan Morgan soon slept forgotten by all, in his narrow grave hollowed out in a corner of his own broad acres.

There was naturally no astonishment when, two months later, the lonely widow left Round Valley forever. The unbroken reserve of her social life had shielded her from all daily comment. The silent Henry Carruthers, now recovered, and even more gloomy and silent, attended properly to the legal business of the estate.

A necessary visit to the ranch of Hank Mason, as Justice and Notary, brought him back from the widow's dismantled home with the news that she looked like a lovely marble picture with two burning dark eyes.

"She'll sell most of the stock off, they say, and will take any good offer for the whole ranch. I'm told that Carruthers will take all the horses, and settle on his lands in the hills up here, when he's took the widow down to Frisco. He says that this home place is too big for him anyway."

A wild suggestion that the young man might, in time, marry the young woman capitalist was received with a general snort of disdain.

"She's had enough of California! She's going back to old Kentucky—God's country!" said wiseacre Hank.

In six months, the rich domain which the dead Dan Morgan had given up his charmed life for, was finally sold to a fraternity of the richest squatters. The graceful woman who had been the living

mystery of the lonely valley passed beyond the serrated blue peaks of the ridge, and, on her way, threaded the lonely dell where her sullen lord and master was found dead. But her beautiful eyes were fixed far beyond the crested Sierras.

Mr. Henry Carruthers, returning in a month after Mrs. Morgan's departure, ensconced himself in a well-guarded establishment, chosen in the romantic glens of his own holdings, which embraced now some thousands of acres of splendid hill land. Black Dan slept as forgotten in death as he was lonely in the life whose dark pages were sealed forever.

But once or twice, in the long gloomy winter after the departure of the widowed beauty, did Carruthers appear at the "Crossing." It was only when matters connected with the few remaining details of the estate required his presence. And never again did Henry Carruthers set foot again on the ill-omened domain haunted now by Black Dan Morgan's dark memory.

He was taciturn, even morose, and always avoided Round Valley, where the red tape military were still blundering along in their vain efforts to detect the killers of the fisher Indians. There were, however, many whispers of an ugly mistake. When, in the early spring following, a body, easily recognized as "Modoc Jim's," was found some twenty miles below "Morgan's Crossing" as the place of the tragedy was now called—the explanation of the accidental drowning of the runaway traitor was reluctantly accepted. Carruthers being notified, strangely declined to express any interest in the late tragedy.

"I happen to know," growled old Hank, "that there was a heavy rifle ball hole in the back of the Indian's head. Strange thing all through," he confided to his bottle.

Another long, lonely winter passed.

It was a wild, howling night of March, and the raging rivers had cut Round Valley off from the external world. It was pitch dark when the alert corporal of the guard roused Surgeon March at Camp Wright.

"Beg pardon, sir. Man here must see you. Won't take any 'No.'" said the apologetic soldier.

"My God! Carruthers," cried the sleepy surgeon, as a drenched and hag-

gard man tottered to a couch by his yet glowing fire. A few husky whispers caused the veteran surgeon to instantly send for the officer of the guard. The surgeon and the rancher conferred in frightened whispers. In half an hour, three heavily-armed men escorted the surgeon out through the blinding storm to brave the fifteen miles of rugged hills to Carruthers' lonely ranch. The hospital steward, in charge of March's quarters, labored to restore and build up the exhausted messenger of the night.

"No, sir. Not if I have to use force! The doctor said you couldn't leave here till daylight. I'm to give you a fresh horse and a couple of men to see you safe on your own trail."

The sturdy medical assistant was a determined soldier, as well as a loyal son of Galen.

Before the straggling glints of day lit up the wild wintry loneliness of Carruthers' mountain home, Surgeon March, leaning over a woman's wasted form, in infinite pity tenderly eased the last few hours of a stormy life. His aching brows now throbbled with a momentous discovery. For, it was the once lovely Isabel Morgan, who lay dying in the lonely retreat! A sad, sad story had faltered from her bloodless lips.

"You have killed yourself, my poor girl," said the gray-bearded surgeon. "Why did you not appeal secretly to me before? It is my profession to keep the holy secrets of suffering."

Her beautiful, wistful eyes were sadly fixed on him. A bright red spot burned fitfully on her wasted cheek. It was the last flicker of the Lamp of Life! In the corners of the great room her two sorrowing negro maids lay exhausted in a deep sleep.

"How long can I live, Doctor?" her sweet voice faltered, faint and low.

The army surgeon's eyes were moist.

"It is near—very near!" he said, softly.

His strongest stimulants were failing even now. There were strange shadowy spirits hovering in the air!

"Shall I see him again?"

Her eyes were turned toward the glimmering casement. The slender white hands picked at the coverlid. March's eyes filled with tears.

The surgeon shook his head and simply said:

"Poor child."

She was failing fast.

"Then I'll tell you all now. Say to him that I loved him, at the very last. Say that I died with his name on my lips. He has been so good—so kind. But the shadow always—that black shadow—was ever between us! It hung over us like a pall. Here, even here—we both feared him!"

"Whom did you fear?" whispered the pitying surgeon.

"My dead husband. Always near; at night; his steps in the hall! There! now! Ah! Henry! Henry! Save me!"

And so, with a last feeble flutter of the tired heart, the frontier Helen was at rest forever!

There were blinding tears in the grizzled old soldier's eyes as he folded the dead woman's wasted hands over her beautiful waxen bosom. Rousing up the affrighted servants, he quickly sent two of his soldiers down the trail for assistance.

"She shall at least have Christian burial. Poor thing! Beauty's fatal dower, the feuds of the border land, and the iron hand of Fate, have crushed this poor soiled flower of womanhood!"

Walking the porch, he gazed out at the growing wintry day, and wondered why the desperate messenger did not return. The ranch foreman and his sober-faced Missourian wife watched solemnly over the shell whence Isabel Morgan's perturbed spirit had fled forever.

"She was the sweetest lady, always patient, and, so watchful of the Captain," the simple border woman moaned, as she directed her sable assistants in their frightened attempts at giving a semblance of order to the great Presence Chamber of Death.

"Why does Carruthers not come? I must return for a late sick call. It is my duty!"

The anxious surgeon finally ordered his horse, deciding then to leave his soldier in charge and take a homeward guide from the ranch. He was about to leave the room where the Silent Spectre had found his beautiful victim. He sprang suddenly to his feet, for one of his men rode back at a mad gallop.

"Something has happened! What is it?" he cried, with a premonition.

"Captain Carruthers, sir! Waylaid on the trail—a dozen steel-headed arrows in him! I left Mike Daly on guard with my mate. He rode down and found the body while trying to get a shot at a stray deer. He's surely dead. I'm afraid there's no hope."

Springing on his horse, Surgeon March reached the fatal spot in ten minutes, escorted by half a dozen quickly-alarmed horse herders.

"It is well!" muttered March. "Their silent lips are sealed forever. Mine will never be opened."

Only Hank Mason, oracularly speaking to a favored few in after years, built up his own ingenious theory:

"I've suspicioned that this yere young Cap Carruthers had followed her, quiet like, out here, and if he first put the Injun out of the way, and then killed Dan Morgan himself, to git the girl, he was a cool hand. He played off wounded and hurt. I kin see it all. It was an old-time love. And, I supposed her people forced her into marrying Black Dan Morgan because he was a rebel and rich. It was natural that the boys should pitch into them Injuns anyways on general principles, and so, those scatterin' fellows just watched out for Carruthers an' killed him, silent like, with arrows, to get even and not be easily found out; I kin see now why poor 'Modoc Jim' had a big hole in the back of his head. It was a put-up job on him. Well, Black Dan hadn't no charmed life agin a woman! He was proof agin the Injuns, but, the charm didn't work at home!"

"An' that same fond woman's love warn't no charm agin an Injun's revenge! This handsome lad Carruthers must have sneaked her back over to his place by the Red Bluff trail. I always fancied that there would be some trouble, ever since that 'handsome partner' showed up at the ranch. It was all a cold blind."

So, the wonder faded into nothing under the judgment of Hank's unerring local wisdom, and, Time at last dropped the silent mantle of forgetfulness over the story of the dead frontier Helen.



Houses, Boats and Stages, Portugal Cove.

THE KILLERS OF COD

BY

GEORGE RALPH

IN the vocabulary of the two hundred thousand people of Newfoundland and Labrador the rugged and rock-girt land of cod, who are dependent for their subsistence upon the finny dwellers of the sea, there is no such thing as "catching codfish." Salmon, herring and mackerel may be caught; codfish, not "codfish," but plain "fish" to them—are "killed," no matter how they may be taken. Two-fifths of the entire population are killers of fish.

By an unjust treaty between France and England, the mother country, the inhabitants of Newfoundland are debarred from fishing in the best waters of their island. Along the coast from Mother Burke to Cape Bauld the natives dare not trespass, and only the presence of two men-of-war, coupled with the Newfoundlander's natural love for peace and fear of God—for he fears little else—prevents him from slaughtering the unwelcome Frenchmen, who, in clattering sabots and with strange foreign oaths, swoop down upon his land each summer and rob him of his choicest fishing ground.

For this reason, and because of its vast

extent and the richness of its waters, Labrador, though inclement and forbidding, has become the mainstay of Newfoundland fishing interests, and every summer its inhospitable shores are visited by some twenty thousand of the hardiest of Newfoundland's hardy people.

Over one-half of these Labrador-going fishermen are what are termed planters, sharesmen and crews. These have their permanent locations on the outlying islands of the Labrador coast, to which they are carried early in the season by the fleet of sealing steamers, at the close of the spring seal fishery.

A planter may be either the owner of a plant, speculating upon credit obtained from the Newfoundland merchants, or he may be the agent of some merchant plant owner. Sharesmen obtain their transportation, their boats, traps, fishing outfit and bait from the planter free of charge, and are credited with a share of their catch, a third to a half going to the planter, who, to offset their credits, charges them "going prices" for provisions and such other supplies as they may obtain from his store. It is cus-

tomary for seven sharesmen to club together, choose a captain from their number, and so form a crew sufficiently large to handle a trap and trapboat; but a sharesman sometimes ships a crew, in which event he holds the dual position of sharesman to his planter and of planter to such men as he ships. Shipped crews are men regularly shipped for a voyage, provided with food and lodging, and paid a small sum as wages, or, in lieu thereof, allowed a small share in their planter's catch.

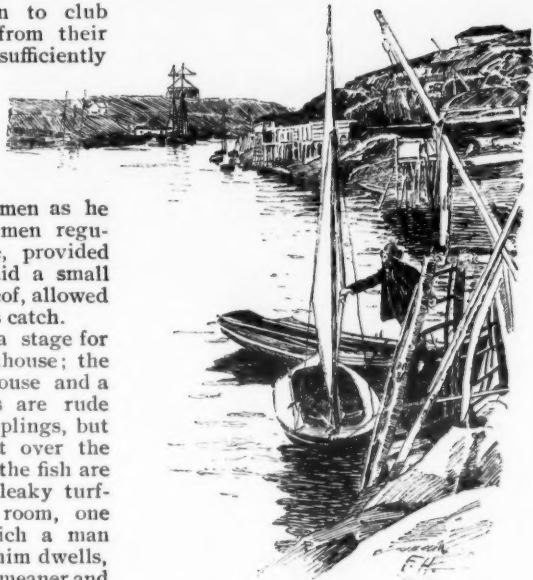
A plant usually consists of a stage for each crew; a storehouse; a salthouse; the skipper's quarters; a bunkhouse and a number of tilts. The stages are rude affairs built of boughs and saplings, but well roofed and extending out over the water of the harbor. In these the fish are cleaned and salted. A tilt is a leaky turf-covered hut, possessing one room, one door and one window, in which a man who brings his family with him dwells, and some of these tilts are far meaner and dirtier than are the habitations of the native Eskimos.

The remainder of the Labrador fishermen are those who are termed Green-fishers or Floaters. These live aboard their craft and cruise about through the summer, from place to place, in search of the fish, which, when found and killed, are cleaned upon the decks, salted green and packed away in the holds of the vessels in bulk to be cured at the end of the voyage.

In the green fishers' fleet are over a thousand small schooners, of from thirty

to sixty tons burden, and a successful season for them means the "making" of a million quintals of fish, of a value of three millions of dollars.

The Labrador codfish are small, and the number of them killed along the Labrador coast during a successful season will exceed two hundred millions. From the time when the fish begin to strike in—that is, to make their appearance in shoal water—until they again take to



Fishing Stages at Gready Harbor.



A "Trap Crew."

deep water is usually an interval of less than six weeks. During this short period, to make a hundred dollars for his season's work, each shareman of a crew must kill, clean and salt ten thousand fish—an average of two hundred and fifty each day. If the fish came in evenly, day after day, this would be no light labor; but one day there may be but fifty to his share, and the following day* a thousand.

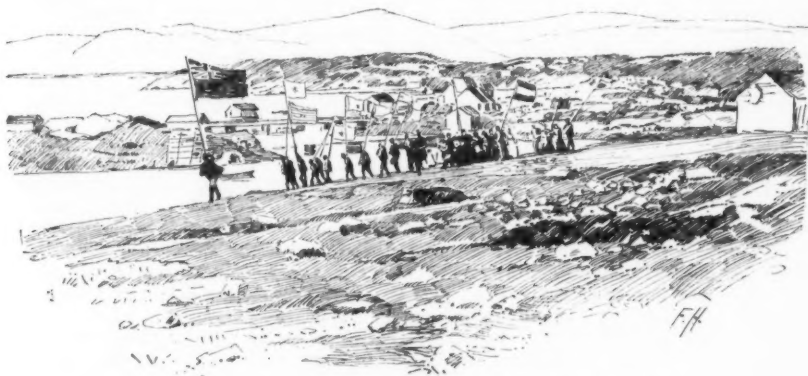
The planter usually provides each trap-crew with a "Cut-throat," and a "Header." These are invariably women, and their lot is by no means an enviable one. They must be up in the morning before the men and assist the cook with the breakfast; wash the dishes, while the men haul the traps, and attend to the general housework. As soon as the trap-boats arrive with a load they don their oil-skins and repair to the stages, where they take up position by the splitting



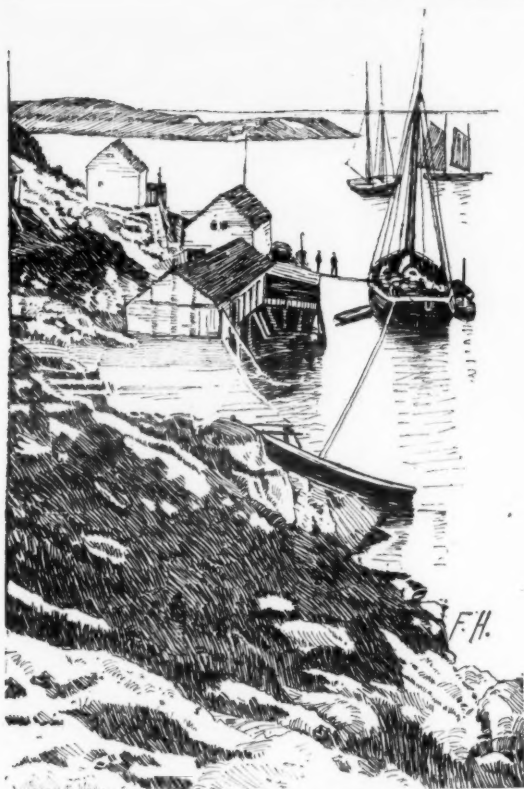
"Makers of Fish."

tables, upon which the fish are pitchforked.

The cut-throat takes the fish in her left hand, with a keen knife makes two quick slashes, and passes the fish to the header. The first slash severs all but the bones of the neck; the second rips open the belly. The header, with but two quick movements of the right hand and two of the left, removes the entrails, breaks off the head and separates and saves the liver; the head and entrails are shot through a trap into the water beneath the stage; the liver slides into a waiting barrel, and the



Celebrating the Close of the Fishing Season, the "Treat."



The Plant and Craft at Cape Harrison.

fish is passed to the splitter. The splitter, with two strokes of his knife, cuts every rib, and with a third removes the back bone, and the fish is thrown into the washtub, where it is soured in salt water. From the washtub the hauler dips the fish, with a hand net, dumps them into a barrow, and wheels them to the rear of the stage. Here the salter awaits them, and he skilfully builds them into bulks three feet in width and four feet high, spreading upon each its quantum of salt. In the bulks the fish remain until they have taken the salt. Then they are rinsed, carried out of the stage, and spread upon the rocks to dry. Each night the drying fish are gathered into faggots to protect them against a possible rainstorm, and are spread out again the next morning. When partially dried they must again be

washed and scrubbed, to remove all traces of dirt and blood; after which they are given a thorough drying.

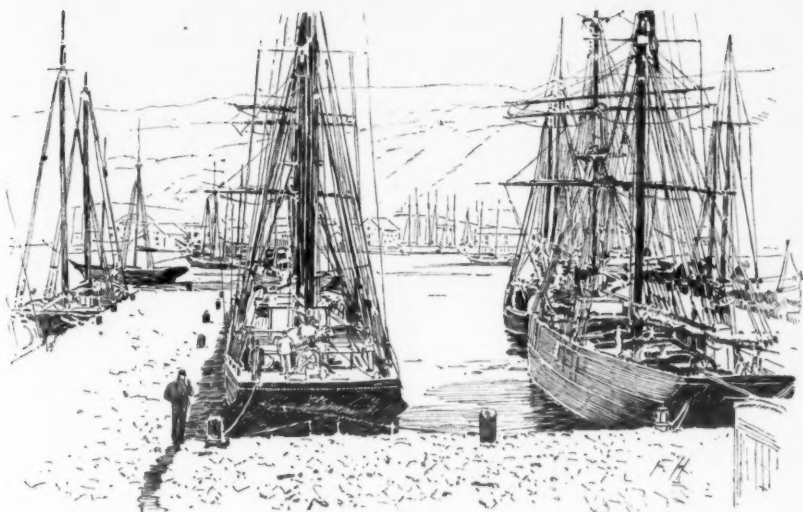
This curing of the fish is termed "making fish," and the cut-throats and headers of the fishing plant do much more of this work than do the men of the crews; for the latter are kept busy hauling the traps and mending such nets as are broken by whales or by storms.

After the fish have ceased the run, and the traps no longer take their thousands a day, bait (capelin or lance) must be procured, and the "hook-and-line-men," and "jiggers" have their inning. Rain or shine, they must be out in the boats at the earliest streak of dawn, and there they remain until storm or nightfall drives them back to their harbor.

The jiggers are those who use no bait, their weapon consisting of a pair of large hooks, held together, back to back, by a weight of lead shaped like a small fish. The lead is scraped to brighten

it, and is kept moving a few feet above the sea bottom, where the fish mistake it for capelin or lance. It is not only a deadly, but also a brutal contrivance; for it is as apt to catch the fish by the tail as by the head, and more often it strikes the belly. Fish torn by jiggers are never graded as "number one," and therefore, if the fish may be taken in any other way, the practice of jigging is discouraged.

During the long days before the fish strike in, the crews are kept busy painting the "plant," calking the boats, repairing the nets and the stages, and getting ready for the coming of the fish. Their rations at this time consist of tea, molasses and bread—"hard-bread" at noon and "soft-bread" for breakfast and supper. In addition to this, salted meats and "plum-duff" are served with their

*The Fleet.*

Sunday dinners. No change of diet, no variety of food, is possible until the advent of the fish, and should the fish fail to strike in at the usual time, scurvy is sure to follow, and the situation of the crews becomes pitiable.

Added to the distress of the scurvy, many are poisoned by the copperas contained in the vile tobaccos with which the planters supply their men; and from this cause I have often seen men with

swollen lips and blackened tongues, and with the whole lining of their mouths absolutely raw and bleeding.

When the fish come, there is "brewis" to be had—a dish made of hardbread and fish boiled together and served with a sauce of pork drippings, and great is the rejoicing; yet at the best, the fare is such as the average American laborer would starve to death upon. Certain it is that no one but those born and bred to such a

*Fish Ready for Export.*



Sorting, Inspecting and Grading the Cod.

life could maintain any strength upon it. But in spite of this poverty of diet, the danger and exposure of their pursuit, and the prodigious exertion which it constantly entails, these men grow to be giants in physique, and, during the height of the season, labor for eighteen to twenty hours each day, with no apparent loss of energy. A weakling is seldom found among them; but perhaps this is merely another evidence of "the survival of the fittest."

One thing which makes the life possible, perhaps, is the unflinching observance of the Sabbath day. On Sundays no work whatever is done. It is truly a day of rest; and nothing can tempt the average fisherman to forego what he has so hardly earned.

When the last of the fish have gone back to deep water and the season is ended for the year, there is always a week day of thanksgiving.

Then each one has a feast upon salt-meats, fish brewis, plum duff, and bake-berries, the wild native fruit of Labrador. A procession, in which all participate, is formed, and parades the length of the station, and the ceremony closes with an hour of fervent prayer and song. This is the "Treat" of the season, and whether the fishing may have proved a success or failure matters not. The "Treat" will be held at the season's close; all of these

honest, simpleminded folk, however hard their condition, feeling grateful that things are no worse with them, and hoping for better from the future.

After the "Treat," the traps, nets and gear are stowed away; the trap boats, bullies, jacks, dories and punts, denuded of their tackle and sails, are hauled upon the shore above reach of the waves, where they are nested for the winter, and, loaded down to the scuppers with fish, the schooners fly homeward.

Usually the catch is taken to Saint Johns, the one metropolis of Newfoundland, and as soon as the schooner reaches her wharf the crew set about unloading. The fish must be taken out of the hold, spread upon the wharves and sunned, gathered again, sorted according to size, inspected and graded according to color and degree of fatness and curing, and weighed and settled for with the merchant. And fortunate indeed is the speculating planter who, after balancing his account and paying the merchant for the advanced supplies, finds that he has a thousand dollars to his credit, as a profit for his summer's venture. Equally fortunate does the sharesman deem himself who can take one tenth of that sum (as the wage of his six months of service) home to his waiting wife and children, who are dependent upon that share for their food for the coming winter.

THE OLD-FASHIONED VIRTUE OF KINDNESS

BY

IAN MACLAREN

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THERE is a fashion in character as much as in clothes, and the favorite type at the end of this century is very different from that dear to our fathers of the fifties. We speak of a person as "quite modern," or "so interesting," or "delightfully intense," and by these amazing descriptions we mean an elderly woman of unprepossessing appearance who rails against marriage, or a young woman who could not cook a dinner to save her life and yet teaches artisans' wives to keep house, or an artist who will look at no picture whose drawing is not execrable and whose subject is not unintelligible.

Of course, there are irreverent people who laugh at these products of latter-day society, or are frankly bored by them, but

the products take the situation very seriously, and give themselves airs. And a large number of quite sensible people are so brow-beaten by the fashion for newness that they dare not say what they think of all this posing and foolery, lest they should prove themselves out of date and be called Philistines, which is a hopeless condemnation. Besides there is the Secret Society of the Meredithians, made up of persons who have read and understood the works of Mr. Meredith, and who number, according to reliable information, one hundred and twenty-three members, which holds reading circles in such terror that only the most courageous dare confess that they have not read "An Amazing Marriage" with exhilaration.

We have indeed come to make such a



"An artist who will look at no picture whose drawing is not execrable . . ."

god of cleverness nowadays that shallow people compound with society by being eccentric, and dull people cannot justify their existence. Among the many new societies which are starting every day, and afford a comfortable living to their officials, another is imperatively called for, a "Society for the Proteciton of Ordinary People."

By an ordinary person is intended one who venerates old institutions such as Christianity and the Family, who retains the former manner of courtesy and would keep women apart from the strife of public life, who does not meddle with unpleasant questions, and has not read the problem literature, who does not sparkle in conversation and is weak in epigrams. This person is now given to understand that he is quite out of date in society—a survival not of the fittest—and is lectured by his children, who desire to do their best for him. It is explained that he need not be shocked by a certain want of reserve in conversation, because everybody talks of things their parents did not refer to in public—social "workers" taking a lead in this unsavory line; and that he must not do this and that because such ways are antiquated—generally some way of simplicity and kindness. So this old-fashioned person begins to feel that he has no place in our bright, "brainy," emancipated life.

One plea may be made for him, and that is that in nine cases out of ten he illustrates a dying virtue, for after his modesty the distinguishing feature in this poor foreigner who has drifted out of his time is the kindness of the man. He has not forgotten how to shake hands, but has the power of a friendly grip, and will even hold your hands for five seconds on occasion; he allows you to see that he is pleased to meet you, and he has an unaffected interest in your welfare—physical and spiritual—and in that of all your family. If any one be ill in his circle—and really it is wonderful how many friends he has in spite of his obsolescence—he finds time that very day to call, not having to assist at so many functions as his neighbors; and he has an absurd habit of bringing flowers in his own hand, to say nothing



"—flowers in his own hand to say nothing of hot-house grapes in a brown paper bag."

of hot-house grapes in a brown paper bag. Very likely his friends could have purchased the flowers and the grapes, but the mother and father appreciate the personal kindness, and Tommy never can see why their giver is called an old fogey.

People say that Barnabas is tiresome, and, placed in the witness box, I could not swear that I ever heard him say a smart thing either on a book or a friend, but he has an absolute genius for doing kind things. No man can give his friends' children such royal good times as Barnabas, and there is a certain poor dis-



"Sam Weller never could have drunk so much brandy and lived."

trict where any "modern" gibing at Barnabas would be stoned. He cannot endure a formal dinner party—with falsetto talk and French dishes—but he dearly loves to have half a dozen honest souls to spend the evening with him. His family have got into the way of apologizing for him, and Barnabas always speaks of himself as a man who cannot now change and must just be tolerated. Sometimes I have thought that he felt this depreciation, but in the afternoon I met him coming from a poor street, himself again, and I knew he had found consolation in some

good work. "Worthy man," a modern was saying yesterday of him with much condescension, "but quite impossible nowadays." One wonders what the angels think of Barnabas.

Perhaps the people of the last generation were not so well read as we are—although they knew their Shakespeare and their Scott; perhaps they were not so clever—although the women were excellent housewives and the men kept British commerce to the front; but with all their shortcomings they knew how to be kind and were not ashamed to have a heart.

The matrons were motherly then—gentle, wise, reposeful—to whom one went in trouble, certain of sympathy; the young women were simple and unaffected,



"He has a very fine manner in a room where the blinds are down."

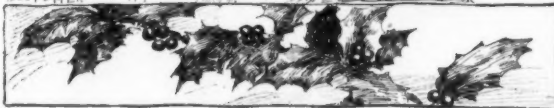
without "missions" and without man-nishness. People knew how to be hospitable, making you welcome when you came and letting you go with regret. And they had not reached that fine point of culture when one is ashamed to show any emotion—even a mother for the death of her child—but made merry with a will at a marriage and mourned over a death openly. Nor did they sneer at Christmas and vote it a bore; but laid themselves out to make the young folk glad and also the poor and, forgetting gray hairs, became young themselves after a very taking fashion.

There is a rivalry nowadays between the head and the heart, and it does seem as if culture carried beyond a certain point was against love. Are not highly educated people—people at least of the class given to "precocity" in letters and impressionism in art, who are distressed by Sir Walter's style because he was unself-conscious, and consider Mil-lais little better than a Philistine, because he was conscientious—apt to be cold-blooded and detached from the elemental human interests. Husbands of this kind may love their wives and parents, their children, but any emotion in this rarefied atmosphere will be so delicate as to defy detection, and will shrink from visible demonstration.

May it not be urged that culture is decadent when it ceases to be kind, and that the great gods of literature were intensely human; and it might even be remarked that if a comparison were made between the chief novelists of yesterday and to-day the men of the past were both kinder and greater. No one can estimate how much tenderness and gladness together Dickens infused into English life, but it may be said that his Christmas Carol did more than many sermons

to teach the commandment of love. It is no doubt matter of regret that his favorite characters had such an insatiable taste for brandy and water—although everybody knows that Sam Weller never could have taken so much and lived—and every one is not equally moved over Little Nell, yet it remains that Dickens could affect the heart by pure and kindly sentiment and move his readers to generous deeds.

Thackeray pretended to be a cynic and



"No man can give his friends' children such royal good times."

talked about his puppets—but who has not seen the tear in his eye, and loved him who gave us so many kind simple hearts—Henry Esmond and William Dobbin and Colonel Newcome, and even Rawdon Crawley, whom love redeemed.

We all admire Mr. Meredith and Mr. Hardy for their different qualities, but I suppose their most ardent admirers would hardly claim that they were kind writers or that they left their readers more in love with ordinary human nature. And

while among the younger men Mr. Swift has shown much power in producing "Tormentors," and Mr. Wells has given us a masterpiece of horror in his Martian nightmares, yet both these brilliant authors have failed somewhat in kindness. Our modern novelists are very clever, but they have little human feeling, and so they have no hold on the heart of the people.

The appreciation of kindness is very largely a question of years; it comes with experience and wisdom. So long as we are young and energetic; and impulsive and enthusiastic, we are vastly tickled by intellectual smartness, and are intoxicated with the favor of a wit. We count his paper money to be a fortune, and his gay sayings as great treasure. Here is company for life—a friend before whose delicate persiflage sorrow and disappointment will flee. As the years come and go we find this cynic out, and the thin plating of culture shows the common metal beneath.

What one longs for, as trial follows trial, is sympathy, faithfulness, honesty—in fact kindness. Words, however well-turned and felicitous, count less every day; and deeds, however simple, if they be true, count more. This silent, awkward, commonplace man, what can we find behind such an unpromising mask that to him we turn in hours of trouble? The public does not understand. Silent? Yes amid

empty, heartless chatter, but he can speak upon occasion, and then his words are like gold tried in the fire. Did you say awkward? Granted—where people pose as before mirrors he faileth somewhat in grace, but he has a very fine manner in a room where the blinds are down. And commonplace? Well,

my wife has a letter which he wrote to us in our sorrow that is the most perfectly composed I ever read. When it cometh to deeds he is original, heroic, knightly: I declare it on my word, for I have seen it. Oh the kind hearts are the true hearts, and God give us a few such for our friends as the sun begins to sink.

'Tis kindness, not cleverness, which affects nations and gaineth the victory. Two years ago I saw many wonderful things in America, but the most beautiful I heard of was at Concord. It was there that the Colonists fired their first shot for liberty, and the spot is marked by a statue. Year by year it is crowned with flowers and the beginning of a new nation is celebrated. Across the little river is a grave where two English soldiers lie, who fell that day obey-

ing orders and doing their duty. No one thought of their nameless grave, who were aliens and enemies, till a kind heart took pity and laid a wreath there also, so that on both sides the flowers now lie where brave men fought and died.

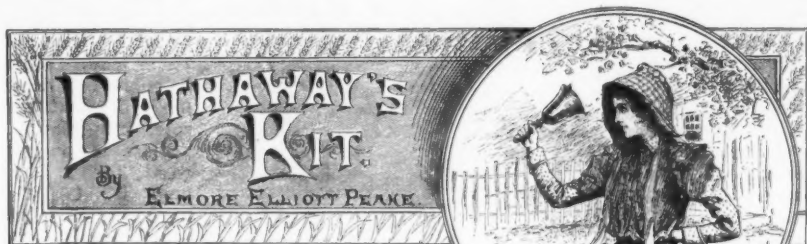


"A kind heart took pity and laid a wreath there."

When our Queen, who never hears of sorrow but she wishes to comfort, sent her message of sympathy to Mrs. Lincoln and the widow of President Garfield she touched a human chord and did more than many treaties to unite two nations.

And when our day's work is over and each servant comes home in the evening, when he stands before the Judge and waits His word, what is to be the law by which you and I shall be approved or con-

demned? It will not be our knowledge nor our cleverness, nor shall it be our creeds nor our professions; for none of these things shall be once mentioned then. As the Judge, who cares for no favor and sees through all pretences, considers each life, He bids glad, full welcome to those who, in this lower life, amid all their mistakes and failings, have cherished a warm heart, and so at last the crown is placed on the brow of kindness.



YES, that stone has stood there a good many years—more than I like to count up. It seems as if it might have been only yesterday that Johnny Lyons drove over from the Grove, and set it up. Johnny was awful busy that year, and it was a hot day in June before he got around to it—jest about sich weather as to-day. Her real name was Carrie, but we thought it would seem more nachal jest to put "Kit" on there, because everybody called her that. 'Tain't as soft as "Kittie," nor as Christianlike as "Carrie," but it suits us, it suits us. That's her picture on the mantel. She was jest sixteen when that was took. Jest notice how her lips curl up at the ends—she had the sweetest mouth God ever made—and that twinklin' in her eye. You wouldn't think that girl come out of an orphan asylum, would you? It's just as nachal as life, too; nothin' put on at all.

Of course, with them eyes you can see that she was always in trouble, and I thought more'n once we'd never raise her. All our neighbors vowed she'd come to some bad end, but they didn't know her. Once, when she was only five, she fell in the cistern; another time she come near smotherin' in the oat bin. Then old Billy kicked her, and pretty near killed the little thing; and she wa'n't hardly well from that before she fell from the

old swing oak, and broke her arm. That's one reason why Marthy and I loved her so. She was so patient in bed, and would smile and say she wasn't very sick, even when old Dr. Greys said she was eternally injured and had to die. I believe she'd a died with that same smile on her face, for she was a queer child and death never seemed to frighten her. Some people thought it wasn't patience, but jest indifference, and I heard that old Ezra Pendleton said it was the spirit of the Devil, who is mighty cute. That was cruel to the little girl, but Marthy and I never disputed with our neighbors about it. *We knew.*

"Pa," says she, lookin' up from her pillow, the time old Billy kicked her, "you had better let me die this time, because I will be sure to get snakebit again in blackberry time, and then more doctor bills."

"I would, Kit," says I, playful, and and winkin' at Marthy, "but you'll have to help your ma cook for the harvest hands this summer."

"Zebulon, you make my blood run cold, a-talkin' that way," says Marthy,

and she's sometimes thought that what come afterward was a judgment on me. But I can't believe that and believe in God, too.

When Kittie was seventeen—we generally speak of her as Kittie now, because it sounds tenderer—when she was seventeen, Bud Digby, Si's oldest boy, commenced comin' here quite regular. Bud was as steady as clockwork, and there was no better marryin' timber in the township; but I soon see that he and Kittie would never hitch. I've always suspected that she come of blue blood, some way or another, because she was as skittish as a filly, and couldn't stand a rein. Marthy wanted dearly to see her marry Bud, if she had to go at all, for then she'd be near us; and I think mebbe mother forced matters too much. If it hadn't been for that, and her meetin' Hartley, she might have married Bud, for bein' a country girl herself she couldn't nachally look higher than a farmer's son. Still I don't know.

"I'm too young to marry, mother," she would say, mebbe throwin' a pea or something at the Shanghai rooster.

"But you won't be in two years, Kittie," says Marthy, "and Bud is willin' to wait. He told your father so."

"Very well, then," says Kittie, and I knowed her blood was up; "we'll let him wait." There was anything but marryin' in her tones; and so, when Bud drove over the next Sunday in his new buggy to take her to church, she says very cool, "I guess I won't worship to-day." Bud looked kind of sick at that, and I snickered. I oughtn't to have done it, I know, but I couldn't help it if I'd been hung for it, it sounded so cute. Marthy looked at me right sharp, and says to her, "Why, Kittie, ain't you goin' to

church, and your new waist jest done?"

"Not to-day, mother," says she.

"But what *will* people think, Kittie, your stayin' from meetin' without bein' sick, and young Mr. Gorley takin' so much interest in your spiritual welfare?"

Bud didn't look as pleased as he ought to on hearin' that his sweetheart's spiritual welfare was bein' so well took care of, especially when the little witch put her hands to her face to hide a laugh. "Mr. Gorley will probably be out to-morrow," says she, "and I will explain matters to him."

"I will save him a trip by tellin' him to-day," busts out Bud, red in the face.

"Do, Mr. Digby, do," says she, and looked at me so devilish that we both broke out laughin' right in Bud's face. He went off madder than a hornet, but before the week was out they made up again. Everything seemed to be movin' as smooth as ice when Hartley come out here. He was what you call a botanist, getherin' flowers and plants. Well, he wasn't sech a handsome fellow, but he had a nachal born way with women. He was always smilin' and good-natured, and pickin' up their handkerchiefs, and helpin' 'em into buggies, and all that—things that would never cross most people's minds. Marthy was completely took with him by the end of the first week; the



Bud drove over . . . in his new buggy to take her to church."



"I laid for Hartley . . . and we had a fuss."

Chadwick girls got to spendin' half their time here, and even Amy Armstrong, who has refused half the boys around here, give him to understand, in a mighty plain way, that her hand and her eight hundred acres was his'n for the asking. But it tickled me to see the way Kittie held off from him. She was as stiff as a broomstick with him, and really sometimes didn't treat him courteous. But he paid no attention, and went on treatin' her as if she was a queen waitin' for her crown.

Then in July a change come over her. She stopped cuttin' up so much, and would have sober days when you'd hardly see her smile, and yet she didn't look unhappy. Marthy thought she might be ailin', but she said she wasn't. Then come the day that opened my eyes. Tom Moody, one of the hands, come runnin' in, and said that Mr. Hartley had shot himself in the hand, not very bad, but he wanted some linen to bind it up. Well, sir, that little girl when she heard the word shot jest gasped once and went down in a faint. That set me to thinkin'. I never liked Hartley; I believed he was a devil, for I see it in his eyes, though he was always a-smilin'. So after dinner I says to Kittie, "Kittie," says I, "you never told me a lie. Has Hartley ever tried to kiss you?"

I must have spoken sharper than I intended, for she turned first white and

then scarlet, and said, very soft, "Pa, he has kissed me, and I—I let him."

I suppose I acted hasty, and foolish, too, considerin' her disposition. I laid for Hartley that afternoon in the orchard, and we had a fuss. That night he packed his trunk, and in the mornin' he left. He had the face to kiss the girl good-by right before me, and says, "Don't cry, little woman. I shall be back for you soon."

"If you are," says I, hotter'n pepper, "you will go away in a hearse."

"Then I will ride with him," puts in Kittie, and I knew she meant it.

About three days afterward, Tom brought me two letters that Kittie had given him to mail. One of 'em was to Bud, the other to Hartley. I opened them, because I thought it was my duty. The one to Bud was short; she merely said that her relations to Mr. Hartley would no longer admit of her seein' him—Bud. The one to Hartley was long and full of love and tears and kisses, tellin' how lonely the house was since he had gone, but sayin' that she would patiently wait until he should come and make her his wife. I had forbidden her to write to him, and we had high words over that letter, in which I set my foot down positively on her ever writin' him again.

"Mr. Hathaway," says she—she never called me anything but pa before—"Mr. Hathaway," says she, surprisin' quiet, but white in the face, "I love that man, and your dislike to him is no reason for my giving him up and bein' miserable. I want you both—father and husband—but if I can't have both, I must give you up."

"Then," says I, and Marthy says I swore, "give me up, for I won't own such as you. You come from the slums; go back to 'em."

"I will go, sir," she answered, with a quick little gasp, "but not to the slums. Roy will take care of me, and there will be no further need for you to own me."

Marthy set by and cried like a baby

and pleaded with us on her knees, but we was both as set as stones, and the next mornin' Kitty went. She kissed Marthy, and looked once toward me, but I turned my head. Sir, I would give all I'm worth to-day, if I had kissed her then, but I waited till it was too late. I can see her just as plain as though it was yesterday, goin' around the bend in the road yonder, peepin' back once more at the old house. She'd never been away from home more than a day or two at a time before, and I can tell you the old place was mighty lonesome without her. No more singin' around in the mornin', and the old dinner bell never rung no more in that jinglin' fashion that Bill Sipes used to say reminded him of a weddin', for Marthy has a steady pull, more like tollin'. And the squirrels she used to feed on the doorstep soon got as wild as ever they was. Even the chickens and turkeys never seemed as tame as they was then. I wouldn't have cared so much for myself—that is, I could have stood it—but poor Marthy got paler and paler every day, and stayed on her knees an unusual long time at night. I don't know whether she was prayin' for me or for the baby.

But miserable as we was, the heaviest blow hadn't fell. About a month after Kitty had gone, I found a letter that had dropped behind the bureau in Hartley's room, dated back about a month before he left here. It was from his wife—from his wife, sir! I couldn't have believed, bad as I thought him, but there it was as plain as day, and I read it over a dozen times. "I feel so sorry for you, Roy, in that lonely old house in the country, with only two old people for company. Hurry up your work, and come back to mamma and the baby."

My heart smote me, as the Bible says, and I went right down stairs and told Marthy she could write for Kittie to come back; but I das-sent show her that letter. It would have

killed her. Well, we wrote and wrote and wrote to the city, care of general delivery, but no answer ever come and no Kittie. Then we gave her up. Winter come and went, and then another summer; but somehow we jest *couldn't* get used to that house without the girl. There was so many little things reminded us of her, and little gewgaws that she had fixed up, we never touched. When the next winter come, I had reached a desperate state, and I says to mother one day, "Marthy, I'm goin' to bring you a Christmas gift from the city."

"Zebulon, you can get something plenty good enough for me at the Grove," says she.

Somehow she had got so she didn't care for fixin' herself up any more, but just wore the same old duds everywhere. "But I can't get what will suit you best short of the city," says I.

"Now, Zebulon," says she, "don't go and get something extravagant. I ain't worn that sealskin sacque a dozen times. It don't seem there is as much doin' around here and at the Grove as there used to be, and it would be a sin to wear it for common."



"You come from the slums; go back to 'em."

"Marthy, don't you understand?" says I, pinchin' her cheek, which had grown pitiful thin. "I am goin' to bring back Kittie for a Christmas gift." At the sound of our girl's name, Marthy bowed her head, and pretty soon was wipin' her eyes with her apron. "But she's married, Zebulon," says she, doubtfully.

"Suppose she is," says I, the thought of that letter layin' like lead on my heart. "She and her husband can both come out."

Well, a few days before Christmas, I went to the city and begun the search. I tramped around for three days, and until my feet were actually blistered. I looked through the directory, and found Hartley's name, but he had moved away from the house given there. I went to the hotels and restaurants, to see if she was workin' at any of those places, but the same answer met me everywhere. At last a policeman told me to put an advertisement in the paper. I did, and three or four woman answered it, sayin' their name was Kittie Hathaway, but none of them was her. "Well, then," says one of 'em, "if I ain't the woman you want, old man, and ain't comin' into a fortune, you might buy me a drink to soothe my disappointment." You may know, sir, that that wasn't *our* Kittie.

When Christmas Eve come, I thought I'd watch on the corner once more, and then go home in the mornin'. I bought that very vase up there on the mantel that night, thinkin' if I did find her she would be pleased to be remembered in that way. I stood on that blessed corner for hours and hours. It would have been entertainment enough if my heart hadn't been so heavy, for the store windows was full of electric lights and jewelry and silks and dolls and sech. They say there's lots of misery in the city, and I suppose there is; but it appeared to me that everybody else was happier than me. There was beautiful young women, laughin' and talkin', and young bucks smokin' and jokin', and everybody movin' right pertly. There was some ragged ones, though, and they was the ones I looked at the hardest, for down in my heart I thought, "One of them will be Kittie."

Toward midnight the crowd thinned out, and I wasn't sorry, for my head was swimmin' and my eyes blurred with lookin' at so many. I leaned against a lamp post close to two policemen, and

was just about dozin' off when I heard one of 'em say, "There comes Champagne Kit." That name caught my ear in an instant, but when I looked up I was disappointed. I was lookin' for rags, but what I saw was velvet and furs—a fine-lookin' woman strolling slowly down the street, all by herself. She was gleamin' with jewels, and wore a big broad-brimmed hat, with a long black plume. As she passed the corner, she kind of glanced at me, and then at the policemen, and one of them says, "Hello, Kit." Well, sir, as I stood lookin' at her, and wonderin' why such a rich and beautiful woman should be out alone at that time of night, it come over me like a dream, and for a minute I couldn't speak. I was lookin' right into my own Kittie's eyes and not knowin' her! But I wa'n't hardly to blame; the city does make a change, and she had the regular cityfied air. She didn't have that fresh look she had when she was drinkin' milk every day, but she was lookin' well, mighty well. And then to know that she was prosperin'—well, all I could say was "Thank God, thank God!"

You won't believe it, sir, but I followed that girl a block before I dast put my hand on her shoulder and say, "Kittie, don't you know your pa?" She turned like a flash, looked at me steady for a minute, and then turned as white as death. It was sudden, you know; but when I kissed her, and says, "Your ma sends her love, she seemed to come to and broke out cryin' right there on the street. She couldn't speak, so I went on, "Kittie, my child, you're a grown woman, ain't you? To-morrow will be a happy day for Marthy. The lost lamb is found. What a deal of worryin' we've had for nothing. So you are married, Kittie, and rich. But not to Hartley?" says I, fearin' for a minute that mebbe she had took him from his lawful wife.

"No, not to Hartley," says she, wipin' her eyes and smilin' a little.

"That's good. Then you found out all about him, eh? But why didn't you write, Kittie, you bad girl! We wrote and wrote and wrote. We forgave you long ago, and now we want you to forgive us."

"I have done that, too, father," says she, layin' her hand in mine; "long ago. But I never got your letters, not one."

"Well, thank God, it don't make any

difference now," says I. "Take me home to your husband. I want to see him. I wasn't sure I had a son-in-law, and I'd like to see the boy. I will sleep there to-night, instead of my hotel, if you've got a spare room. It will seem more like home. Then to-morrow you and him goes with me to the farm, and I won't take no for an answer—I told Marthy so, and I won't. But, Kittie," says I, of a sudden, and pinchin' her cheek, "is your old father a grandpa yet?" Well, sir, that started her to cryin' again, and she said, "No, father, not yet," and then to my overwhelmin' surprise she says, "Father, dear, we can't go to my house to-night. My husband and I have had a terrible misunderstanding. I can't tell you now what it is, but I will sometime—to-morrow maybe."

Of course, that explained her bein' out alone; and knowin' that Kittie had a temper of her own, I didn't commit myself one way or another, but made up my mind I'd smooth out their quarrel in a jiffy. So I took her to my hotel. When she saw that it was the Berley House, she stopped and said right quick, "Father, I can't—I can't go there."

"Why in tarnation can't you?" says I, flarin' up. "If I can stop there, I ruther think my daughter can."

"Yes, yes, I know, that's all right. It isn't that. It's so mysterious. I can't tell you now. They know my husband here, and I would rather he shouldn't know where I am. I will tell you all to-morrow. Come with me."

So she took me to another hotel, a cheap-lookin' place at that, but you can put it down she knowed what she was doin'. How she'd changed! Two years before she'd have gone in a hotel office blushin' like a piney. But that night she walked up to the clerk before I could say a word, and says, "Two rooms, please," and though he looked impudent enough at her she never turned color.



"—It came over me like a dream . . ."

We set in my room and talked for an hour about Marthy and the neighbors, and Billy, the old mule—he'd died meantime—and Prince, her pony. Once she laughed, and asked me if Bud Digby was married yet. But she wasn't happy, though she tried to appear it, and nachally the trouble with her husband made her subdued. At last, when I was so tired I couldn't set up a minute longer, she took my boots right on her fine dress, and pulled 'em off, jest as she used to do, and kissed me good-night. "You see, pa," says she with another laugh, "I haven't forgot yet."

"No," says I, mighty tickled, "but you did forget one thing."

"And what is that?"

"Why, you forgot 'Now I Lay Me,' " and so she had. But she knelt right down at that, and said the whole prayer through without a break, which shows she hadn't forgot her early trainin'.

You say you ain't a man of family, but mebbe you can imagine how I felt that night. Couldn't sleep no more'n I could fly. Jest tossed and tossed, and kept hearin' Marthy say, "Kittie, Kittie, how you have growed!" and Kittie a-sayin, "Mother, mother!" When I did get sound asleep it was worse, for I dreamt that some one was carryin' my girl away, and I could hear her cryin' out most pitiful, away in the distance, "Oh, father,

help me, help me!" Finally, when I got into peaceful sleep, I didn't wake up till eight o'clock, a piece of oversleepin' I never done before or since. After washin' and dressin', I knocked at Kittie's door, supposin' she was up and waitin' for me, and mebbe with a little lecture for my laziness. She was always an early riser, but no answer comin' after several knocks, I walked in. The bed hadn't been slept in. She was gone, sir, gone jest as I had dreamed. I thought for a while I'd go crazy, especially when the proprietor says to me, "Look here, old man, put a damper in your windpipe. How much money did she touch you for?" I could have brained him, but I was so weak with anger I couldn't even speak, but rushed out of the office like a madman.

I walked the streets the blessed day, but I didn't get a sight of her. Toward five o'clock I went back to that cheap hotel, hopin' she might have come back or sent a message explainin' her queer conduct, when a policeman steps up to me and says, "Is your name Hathaway?" "It is," says I. "Is it something about Kittie?"

"Yes," says he, and leadin' me to a cab we rode to the police station. They say policemen are hard-hearted, but I didn't find 'em so. They spoke to me polite enough, and stopped talkin' when I come in, and moved back for me to pass. A big man behind the desk steps out and says, "Mr. Hathaway," says he, "I have very, very bad news for you."

Something told me what it was—I knowed it just as well as I do now, and as I sunk down into a chair I says, "She's dead."

"Yes," says he, "she's dead."

I set there stupefied for hours for all I know. There was a crowd comin' and goin', some of them with blank books in their hands—reporters, I heard them say—all talkin' and laughin' just as if she wasn't dead. They jest passed in front of me like a picture far away, and though I see their lips move, I didn't seem to hear a word.

"Would you like to see her?" I heard some one say at last, and I looked up into the face of the big policeman. "Yes," says I, and he led me into the back room, which was full of men. He

said something to them, and the next thing I remember Kittie and I was alone. She looked as pure as an angel, sir; her black lashes lay on her cold, white cheek, jest as if she was asleep, and when I kissed her it almost seemed she smiled. So I kissed her again, "This time for Marthy, Kittie," says I, and then I commenced to cry for the first time. I took her hand in mine, and it didn't seem cold. She had beautiful hands, and they wasn't sunburnt then like they used to be on the farm, and besides her fingers was covered with glistenin' rings.

I must have stayed there a long time, for the first I remember the same policeman come in and said that I oughtn't to stay too long, and that he'd ship the body wherever I wanted to send it.

"Have you told her husband?" says I.

"He ought to know."

"Her husband!" say she. "Yes," says I.

"Why, no—no, we haven't told her husband yet, but we will. Don't worry about that."

"Have you found her murderer yet?" says I again.

He looked at me for a minute surprised, and then says, layin' his hand on my shoulder. "Old man, I thought you knew. The poor girl killed herself."

I've never clearly understood it, but I suppose her husband broke her heart. Of course she knew she could have a home with us, but that don't count for much with women. We went home on the same train, Kittie and I, and from the Grove we took her to the farm by hearse. I rode ahead to prepare Marthy. I was afraid it would kill her, and I wanted to let it out little by little; but, before God, all I could say was, "Marthy, I've brought her home." She seemed to know what I meant, for when the hearse came up she says, jest as quiet as I'm talkin' now, "Her room is all ready, Zebulon."

We'll walk out and look at the grave if you want to, sir. No, you needn't care about Marthy—she won't mind. For a long time we couldn't talk about Kittie much, but of late years it seems to ease our hearts. That apple tree is one she planted herself, when she was a little tot. It's discolored the marble some, but it seems more nachal to have her there.

THE ADVENTURES OF AN AMBASSADOR

BY
GORDON LOCH

II.

THE PRISONER OF BLOMFELDT

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THE Ambassador mused, silently drumming the arm of his chair the while.

"My dear boy," said he at length, "unlike that beverage, the real nectar of the gods, the only wine worthy of a special education for its full appreciation, the wine of Oporto, stories do not improve with age. Those little details that give such an air of verisimilitude to the narrative when it is first told, after an interval of twenty years evaporate leaving behind a liquor—I should say, a plain unvarnished story lacking the veneer that brings such a charm with it. It is bad enough when the principal performer in the story tells it himself after such an interval, how bad it becomes when the narrator had no active interest in it you yourself will soon discover.

"You have doubtless heard me mention my friend Lowell Block before now; if you have not you can not have failed to have seen his name in the papers—he is a senator who does not conceive it to be his duty to blindly and silently follow his leader; if he is to follow he requires very good reasons for doing so, consequently he occupies a good portion of the time available to putting questions in putting them. Men who like to have everything done for them, admire him immensely, and are called 'Block's satellites'—when he is satisfied, so are they.

"Every one knows of Mr. Block and his famous collection of patent leather boots worn by him on certain great occasions. There are rows of boots, and each of the footgear bears a neat label upon which is written some legend connected with the wearing of it. Upon one we find 'Garden party at Chiswick House,' followed by some *bon mot* made at the same by the Royal host; on another can be read 'Worn at the signing of the capitulation of Sedan. The Emperor appeared in pain: I offered him my arm to his carriage, which he gently refused, remarking 'Half a dozen steps, monsieur,

and I for the present, shall tread French soil for the last time—do you wonder that I linger?'"

"Some of the highest posts that his nation has to offer have been placed at his disposition, but he has always preferred to remain unhampered by official ties.

"Twenty-five years ago," continued His Excellency, "Block was the United States vice-consul at Meininghausen in Silesia, a post of no very great importance, the duties of which included the collection of commercial statistics to be forwarded to the Consul-General, who duly filed and forgot them, and the examination into the claims of whilom subjects of the Kaiser who claimed exemption from military service on the ground that they 'on American shores arriving, naturalization papers signed, and consequently citizens of the United States were—and don't you forget it.'

"Notwithstanding the thorough manner in which he collected them from all sources, the load of statistics was not inexhaustible, and there were occasions when Block had considerable time at his disposal, and this said time he spent in the social pleasures of the place with the result that he not infrequently met the Fraulein Gratz, the ward of Count von Blomfeldt, who, notwithstanding the popular belief, was not an inmate of a convent, but a pupil in Frau Stargardt's seminary for young ladies. The wealth, beauty and popularity of the great man's ward procured for her many invitations from the parents of her colleagues who were not loth that she should have the opportunity of making the acquaintance of their son Otto this or nephew Frantz that. As a matter of fact, the Fraulein made the acquaintance of Block, and having done so did not evince the slightest desire to cultivate either Otto or Frantz, worthy sub-lieutenants though they were.

"The mutual interest these young peo-

ple inspired each other with, resulted in Block applying for leave of absence, and upon it being granted, betaking himself to the Castle of Blomfeldt, an inaccessible residence as far as railways were concerned, situated in the portion of Silesia embraced by the first great curve made by the Oder after leaving its source. He had announced by letter his intention of visiting Blomfeldt for the purpose of transacting a certain important business with the Count, but had failed to notify the nature of the same; moreover, he followed his letter so closely that time was not allowed for the Count's reply to reach him, consequently the request for the nature of the business to be apprised to him, failed to meet with any response from Block.

"Having deposited his luggage at the Black Eagle Inn in the village, Block hurried off to get his interview over as quickly as possible, and, when admitted in the presence of Fraulein Gratz's guardian, with little or no preamble proposed to relieve the Count of his wardship by making the ward Madame Block. It was part of Blomfeldt's diplomatic creed never to express the least sign of astonishment, and the announcement, abrupt as it was, failed to occasion even an eyebrow to be lifted. 'Presumably the lady's happiness is of some importance to you, Monsieur Block,' suggested the diplomat.

"It is paramount in my mind," replied Block.

"Then you will, I feel sure, agree with me that for Fraulein Gratz to marry a foreigner without the consent of her sole guardian, would be a very unhappy state of things, eh?"

"Unfortunate rather than unhappy," corrected Block.

"I will accept the amendment, monsieur, with the proviso that the former state of affairs in the course of time is likely to be followed by the latter."

"I cannot accept any proviso, your Excellency; Greta has not known the pleasure of your society or that which your great name could provide her with. You must remember that she has been brought up by your orders in a very sensible manner; her ideas are not above the society she has hitherto enjoyed and which she can continue to enjoy until in the natural course of events I represent my nation at Berlin or some other capital."

"Until then, 'your Excellency,' I must regretfully withdraw from any further negotiation with you on the subject you have mentioned, and I must beg you to understand that I utterly and entirely refuse to allow you to enter upon any engagement with my ward——" and the Count rising, indicated that the interview was at an end.

"I understand from your withdrawal from the conference a cessation of diplomatic relations," said Block, as he rose to leave, "which in this instance can only be regarded as tantamount to a declaration of war."

"You can infer what you please, monsieur, and—one moment, Monsieur Block. You are probably unaware that from its proximity to no less than three frontiers and the lack of railways, that this is a somewhat uncivilized corner of Europe; but, M. Block, the lack of civilization has its advantages to this family, for the head of the Blomfeldts is still regarded as in mediaeval times an Autocrat here—what a Blomfeldt says is to be done, and is done. You have declared war—well and good; you are entitled to withdraw from the country peaceably within the next twenty-four hours—be careful not to return."

"That there is rarely a second without a third, is a superstition regarding malign influences to which many cling, and in the case of Count Blomfeldt there appeared to be a verification of the saying. The first of his misfortunes, the result of intrigues on the part of those who saw in him a rival for the power they coveted, temporarily put him out of favor at Court, and caused him to withdraw to the fastness of the Blomfeldts in that southeastern corner of the Empire; the second was the appearance of Block with his request for the hand of his wealthy ward, a request that was especially annoying as it implied that the lady's affections were already disposed of, and the Count had conceived the idea of retrieving his political fortunes by an alliance of the lady in question with the scion of an impoverished but princely house, a scheme likely to come to nothing on account of what he styled Block's machinations.

"The third misfortune was quickly to follow the second, but a slice of luck was sandwiched in between, which gave the impression that for the present the diplo-

matist's troubles were at an end. This opportune turn of the Wheel of Fortune threw out as a prize packet the appointment of Count von Blomfeldt on a special mission to London. His instructions, which were very minute and included directions for his guidance regarding his own personality as well as those in respect of the national policy, informed him that he was to remain at Blomfeldt for the present, but to hold himself in readiness to proceed at a moment's notice to Oderberg, where he could catch the Cracow-Warsaw express to Vienna, from whence, after an interview with the German plenipotentiary there, he could proceed by the Orient express to Paris, and so on to London. These explicit instructions as to his route, which in any case he would have followed, in order to save time, were a source of considerable annoyance to His Excellency, as they showed in an obvious manner that his presence in Berlin was anything but desirable. With the exception of this drawback his mission filled him with liveliest satisfaction, and he hastened to make the necessary preparations for a sojourn abroad, which included the recalling of Fraulein Greta from Meininghausen to Blomfeldt, preparatory to her transference under the care of a duenna to London via Paris, where she was to purchase a veritable trousseau in view of her season in the metropolis.

"It was immediately after her departure from Blomfeldt that the third blow fell on the Count in the shape of the sudden advent from Southern America of his younger brother Ludwig. Ludwig von Blomfeldt was out of the family circle a nonentity; it is very doubtful whether out of the ten mile radius of the residence of his ancestors, twenty people in the German Confederacy knew there was such an individual, and more than doubtful if ten gave him even a passing thought from year's end to year's end. To the Count his brother was a veritable skeleton in the cupboard. On condition that the reprobate never crossed latitude thirty-five north, the Count, through the medium of his lawyers, sent him a handsome allowance monthly, notwithstanding which Ludwig, who was well over fifty years of age, and who looked quite as old, if not older than his brother, lived an existence that was positively ridiculous for a man of his age, and never ceased to

write to the head of his family demanding further remittances.

"His appearance at the Castle of Blomfeldt with two companions, whose acquaintance he had made in Buenos Ayres, where he had been residing, at such a time, was more than the Count could put up with, with calmness, and he was about to convey as gracefully as possible to the latter that he would be obliged if they would transfer themselves to the other side of the equator, when one of his uninvited guests managed to secure an interview with the Count alone, and what he said put quite a different complexion on the matter.

"This gentleman, a medical man of the name of Follog broke the tidings to the Count that his many excesses had turned Ludwig's brain, and that while he accompanied the unfortunate man to Europe ostensibly as his guest, he was in reality keeping a watchful eye upon him with the aid of his companion, who was a man qualified to attend upon the insane—in fact a keeper. Follog regretted that he would have to return to the Argentine immediately, and suggested the advisability of securing a medical attendant to take his place.

"At first the Count could not credit the news, but the subsequent behavior of his brother at the dinner table bereft him of all doubts on the matter. Ludwig having behaved more or less strangely all through the meal, at last became afflicted with the hallucination that the bust of one of his ancestors was a guest, and, notwithstanding all the efforts of Follog and the keeper, persisted in addressing remarks to it which naturally were not answered. Infuriated at this indifference, he suddenly flung a decanter of Tokay—a truly worthy wine, but not to my mind comparable to certain vintages of port concerning which more anon—at the inoffending statue, and then amidst a scene of great excitement fell backward onto the floor, dragging the table cloth and everything spread thereon with him. It is unnecessary to dwell upon this painful episode, and it will suffice to say that with the aid of two servants the doctor and the keeper succeeded in overcoming the madman, who was carried off to an apartment in one of the towers, from which it would be difficult if not impossible for him to escape, and which opening upon a suite of two other rooms

separate from the rest of the building formed a convenient place of confinement.

"Had the Count been utterly callous to all matters that did not appertain to his own interest, he would not have been tricked as he eventually was to his own undoing. My dear young friend, I have already told you how the German Embassy in London, together with all the diplomatic world, were swindled, so I will not attempt to disguise from you the fact that the madness of Ludwig von Blomfeldt was altogether feigned, and was as false as the story of Dr. Follog—one of the most famous swindlers of the century.

"All through the night the 'maniac' shouted and swore, kicked the door of his room with all his force, demanded to be free, and threatened every one in the Castle with the vengeance of the Kaiser, whose emissary he declared himself to be, and the servants, although stout walls and oaken doors separated him from them, trembled at the vehemence of his insanity. Anon he would offer a hundred thousand florins to any one who would procure his release, shortly afterward he would threaten all in the conspiracy, especially his brother, with divers terms of imprisonment; whilst at times in piteous accents he would plead in the name of the Fatherland for his liberty. It was all very terrible and sad—at least the servants thought so.

"The following morning the expected telegram arrived, directing the Ambassador to proceed on his journey, and the German Ambassador Extraordinary with Dr. Follog, who was to be replaced the following day by another medical man of the same calibre, drove off together bearing with them sealed dispatches to be opened, so it was stated on the envelopes, on the arrival of the Minister at London. Simultaneously with their departure the occupant of the apartments devoted to Ludwig von Blomfeldt, lunatic, broke forth into a paroxysm of fury far exceeding any that had gone before. The reason is not far to seek—the Count the previous night had declared his intention of sitting up part of the night with his brother, who had at length fallen asleep, in order that the attendant who would have to be on guard all the following night and day until relieved by the doctor sent from Vienna, might enjoy a thorough rest. He

had himself succumbed to a somnolence that was hardly natural, considering the share Dr. Follog had had in promoting it, and had awakened to find himself the sole occupant of the room, the door of which was locked, a prisoner in his own house. From the window of his turret chamber he saw his brother and Dr. Follog drive off in a Victoria with his own dispatch box on the front seat; the butler, a man who had been in his employ for twenty years, stood on the steps seeing them off. 'If he can be, then all the world will be deceived,' ruminated the Count, who forthwith gave way to a fury of unavailing passion.

"No man who is trapped can readily recover his equanimity however impregnated with philosophy he may be, and the Count, to whom the position he occupied was specially irksome, was far from recovering his. An attempt to bribe his guardian was utterly futile, the man going so far as to explain that the greatest sum that the Count could possibly offer would be but a trifle in comparison to his share of the profits of the "Syndicate," profits to be obtained from the financial world by means of the exceptional information obtainable by their chief. This loquacious individual further volunteered the information that at the most the Count would be confined to the tower for three months, and that the Syndicate were prepared to handsomely compensate him for the inconvenience of his detention.

"The man just escaped with his life, but only just—had a commissioner of lunacy seen the way the Count treated his keeper, when the latter suggested compensation, he would have signed the order for his detention as a dangerous lunatic with the quietest of consciences.

"As day followed day and weeks passed without his being able to communicate with or receive communications from the world, the Count gave way more and more to despair as his health failed him owing to his imprisonment, and he might perhaps have become really insane so great was his mental anxiety, had he not received a ray of hope in the shape of a piece of paper, on which was written 'Found at last! Courage—I am here. Fix white object at window to-night,' smuggled up to him in the folds of a serviette. The relief he experienced from this message from the world was al-

most overpowering. Some twenty yards of string with a metal weight to keep it taut when lowered, was conveyed to him the following day in a soup tureen. But a note placed between the salver and the tureen was overlooked. However, as it contained instructions only which the Count intuitively carried out the following night, no harm was done. The lowering of the string and weight when darkness fell resulted in a 'catch' consisting of a small file and a bottle of oil, and further instructions which were hardly necessary in view of the comparatively few uses that a conjunction of oil and file can be put to.

For a man of his years the Ambassador worked with surprising vigor, and the signal to be made when the bars were nearly severed, was duly shown on the night of the third day.

"The following evening, the evening of the day when Dunrichard and I crossed the Solent in the *Elfin*, the Count carried out the instructions he had received. As quietly as possible he dragged his bed before the door and so fixed it with the aid of the other furniture in the room that entrance was impossible unless the door was broken down. Then he lowered his line and plummet for the last time and drew up first a pulley, which he fastened to the bedstead, and then a rope with a broad belt to fix round his body when he lowered himself from the window. As he fixed the belt he heard unwonted sounds in the next apartment, and he hastened to begin his perilous passage before he was interrupted. Indeed he began to lower himself none too soon, for a knock demanding admittance was quickly followed by the crash of wood betokening the fact that whosoever knocked was endowed with but a little patience.

"The night was exceptionally black, and the rumble of thunder that approached nearer and nearer covered the noise made by the Count as he brushed against the creeper that scaled the walls and more than once imperiled the windows of those rooms across whose front he swung. He had wrapped himself up in a long black cloak which was calculated not to attract attention to himself as he descended from any chance pedestrian, and this, as soon as he touched the ground, he drew over his face, trusting to the individual who seized his arm and hastened him

over the lawns and through a plantation to guide him.

"On the other side of the plantation waited a carriage, and in a few seconds the rescuer and the rescued were dashing along as fast as two stout horses could take them. Up to then neither of the men had spoken, but now that the tension was over they broke the silence in unison.

" 'Mine at last,' said the one.

" 'Monsieur Block——' began the other.

" 'Great snakes! who are you?' shrieked Block.

" 'Not Fraulein Gratz, whom I believe you expected to perform the gymnastic feat I have just accomplished, but one who is very grateful to you for releasing him from an imprisonment that was more than irksome.'

" 'Count von Blomfeldt.'

" 'Who is always at your command, whatsoever you may ask.'

"When Fraulein Gratz, by the Count's orders, was suddenly removed from the young lady's seminary which she had heretofore graced at Meininghausen, and brought to Blomfeldt preparatory to leaving for Paris, the Count took good care that she should not leave her address behind her. The indefatigable Block, however, was equal to the occasion, and had little trouble in tracing her to Blomfeldt, whither he repaired, only to hear from the villagers mysterious rumors of a prisoner in the castle, which prisoner he concluded naturally enough could be none other than his lady love. Having gained the information he desired, Block, unmindful of the Count's warning that the climate of the neighborhood was unhealthy to Vice-Consuls from the United States who aspired to his ward's hand, retired over the frontier and made arrangements with a certain Karl Troppau, a noted smuggler, to secure the release of the individual known as the Prisoner of Blomfeldt. In order to avoid scandal in event of the scheme proving abortive, the Vice-Consul conducted all the negotiations with Troppau through the agency of a third party, and the smuggler had not the least objection to no names being mentioned as long as the monetary advances were good.

"As a matter of fact, it was anything but a misfortune to Block that the freedom of the Count was brought about in place of that of the ward, because he

gained not only the hand of the lady but the friendship of her guardian, which was of far greater importance than he pretended to think. Moreover, he was especially lucky in bringing about the escape when he did, for the men who thundered at the door were none other than the Mayor of Obergetel, the chief of the police of that town, and certain members of the force, who had received telegraphic instructions to release the Count; had the latter owed his release to them he might not have been so complacent with Block, notwithstanding the latter's efforts to aid him—certainly an unpremeditated service, as the Count knew all the time, but none the less real.

"As for Ludwig von Blomfeldt, his wife the Ambassadors, Dr. Follog, and the Syndicate, they succeeded in making good their escape to a country where ex-

tradition is unknown. There are some people who say that no very great attempts to secure them were made, and do not hesitate to aver that a certain great diplomatist lent not a little aid to the scheme of the Syndicate in return for political services rendered.

You see, my dear young friend, had the false Ambassador secured excellent terms for his so-called government, it would have been easy for the great diplomatist to say, 'Although secured by false pretenses, our word is given—we will abide by it,' on the other hand did a rival secure all the advantages, what would be easier than to repudiate arrangements entered into by a swindler? The inventor of the phrase, 'Heads I win, tails you lose,' was a diplomatist or a wine merchant. Apropos of the latter——"

(No. III of "The Adventures of an Ambassador" will be published in the January issue.)

THE LOVER'S PLAINT

BY

BASIL CADE

Faithless maiden I'll not chide thee
 Tho' thou spurn my humble breast,
 Which so oft thy cheek has prest,
 Nor revile the lips that lied me.
 Sad indeed the pity is,
 Woman so unwitty is;
 Hank'ring for birth,
 Disdaining true worth,
 Seeking for pelf—selling herself
 Love is barred without the gate,
 Weeping and in woeful state.

Love not dies tho' sore neglected;
 Patiently he bides the hour,
 When to wield his subtle pow'r,
 Aiding her by whom rejected.
 When the heart nigh withered up,
 Drains Misfortune's bitter cup,
 Love bursts the gate.
 Nor brooks to wait,
 Whispers the maid
 In sorrow laid;—
 "Gold wins woman, not her love;
 Cupid, dear, must wing the dove!"

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

Handout Harry--What do yer expect ter git fer a Christmas present dis year, Teddy?

Tiepass Teddy--De same ez I got last year--sixty days.

HE WAS A HUMORIST.

Henpeck--Wouldn't it be fine if we had no mother-in-laws?

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WHAT IS NEEDED.

Mrs. Gobang--I see that some inventor is working on an attachment to a telephone that will enable you to see the man your are talking to.

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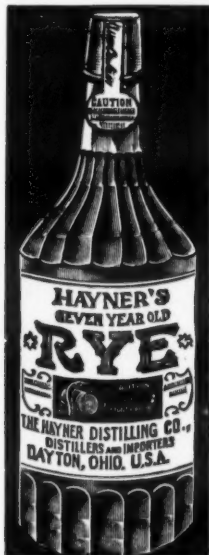


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